

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

### CHAPTER XXI.

AND, in the meantime, Isabella.

Isabella was, on the whole, the one of these persons concerned in this history upon whom the passage of eighteen years had produced the least alteration. Physically, no doubt, she had deteriorated. Her beauty had been in an exceptional degree skin deep, as the saying is—an affair of bloom rather than of fine modelling or spiritual charm; and the cases are few indeed where bloom survives to nine-and-thirty. When it does, it may be taken as the index of some singular freshness of nature, and Isabella's nature was robust rather than fresh. Her girlhood had borrowed something of the charm of maturity, and such a borrowing can seldom be reciprocal. Charm she had none. But even at nine-and-thirty she was unquestionably a fine woman, more than commonly well-preserved.

Her curious obtuseness of perception to any aspect of a case but her own had kept her, physically and morally, very little changed. Life had no bite upon her. She had ruined her father without compunction, but without any keen sense of an accomplished revenge, merely as the assertion of her right. The right had come to her with the other compensations provided by her husband, and she had accepted them all quite

unreservedly without the least sense of obligation. What the law gave her she was entitled to enjoy; and her tenants, for example, as Musgrave told his friend, had found her always clear upon this article. But like many other selfish people, she was habitually good-natured, easy to live with, and lavish with her money. She had, indeed, no idea that she was selfish. In every case that could have been raised against her she would have insisted that she merely stood upon her rights.

One matter there was upon which she continually piqued herself. She had been pressed many times to marry; but every such solicitation ran up against her fixed idea. She was Mrs. Maxwell; her husband had deserted her under circumstances of singular brutality; but until she knew whether her husband was dead or living no question of marriage could enter her mind. Report, indeed, had given her several lovers; but what lady in her society was exempt from such reports? And it was at least clear that no man had ever played a large part in her life.

One man moreover, at all events, had little to boast of in his attempts upon her favour. Not long after her first establishment in England, Sir Garrett Lambert came to her with a tale of his penitence for the part that he had played as an assistant at the

violence of her marriage ; dwelt upon the offer that he had made to her father ; regretted that he had allowed Mr. Nesbit to overrule him ; regretted that he had drunk so much wine in sheer disappointment as to be wholly incapable of action or judgement at the crisis ; and, finally, suggested a fine woman's natural mode of retaliation. Isabella, to whom the sight of anything recalling the memory of that day was odious, rebuffed him at first ; and when, in spite of her warnings, he persisted, she showed the virago in her, and caused him to be thrown out of her door by her men-servants.

It was a sign of the general relaxation which had coarsened Isabella's mouth that she consented to play cards with Sir Garrett Lambert. She consented merely because she would have consented to play with any one who would play high enough, and not insist too sharply upon ready money.

Gambling has always been the special resource of the sluggish, and Isabella, in an age when ladies played habitually, had played more than most. Of late years she had played from another motive than the passion for play ; for Ireland during the American War was more than usually impoverished ; rents fell or ceased, and money was hard to get even on mortgages. Lambert was well acquainted with all these facts when he came over from Donegal, arriving in the end of May at Bath, about the same time as Maxwell made his appearance in Musgrave's office.

Sir Garrett was long-minded, and his old grudge against Maxwell and against Isabella had been quickened by the scene in Castle Carrig. But he was also astute, and he knew well that to go direct to Isabella with a request for her daughter was to risk a fresh rebuff. The play-table offered a ready means of renewing acquaint-

ance ; he had devoted the best energies of his life to games of skill, and his resources as compared with Isabella's were unlimited. They played, she won ; played again, she lost, and he gracefully waived the question of settlement to another day. Again they played, always in public, and Isabella's losses mounted. Finally he offered a stake of three thousand pounds against her diamonds, considerably more than the jewels were worth, and again Isabella was the loser.

She sat now in her great drawing-room at Marlborough Buildings, and looked out across the dip in the ground to the park. Her writing-table was set near a window, and she had paper before her and a pen in her hand, but she did not write. She reflected how her friends would be taking their morning promenade in Milsom Street, looking at the shop windows, and pausing when they met each other with " My dear, did you hear ? " " You were not there." " Her diamonds ! " " The whole of her jewellery, I am told." " Only her diamonds ; but what has she left to wear beside them ? " " Shall we see her in paste ? "

They would see Sir Garrett passing up from his rooms at the King's Head, and would stop him for congratulations. And in the meantime here was she waiting for him to arrive, and there were the jewel-boxes lying ready on the table.

In addition to all this annoyance, where was the money to come from ? She dashed her pen at the paper viciously, and began to scrawl her letter to her agent, Martin. As she still wrote, Sir Garrett Lambert was announced, and she rose to receive him, her stiff silks rustling.

Sir Garrett was in the height of elegance : his waist pulled in, the lapels of his coat peaked out towards

either shoulder, his silk breeches skin-tight.

"You are late, sir," she said.

He bowed demonstratively. "Madam," he answered, "on a pleasanter errand I should not have incurred that reproach. Believe me—"

But she cut him short. "Oh, Sir Garrett, do not trouble to protest. No one dislikes winning, and here is your stake ready." She motioned, as she spoke, to the jewel-boxes.

But he made a gesture of unwillingness. "I give you my word, madam," he said unctuously, "when I think of how I have seen you grace these jewels, it goes to my heart to part you from them. If I can in any way accommodate you—"

"You are vastly kind, sir," Isabella answered sharply, "but I lost, and I pay. It was the chance of the cards."

Sir Garrett laughed, and his laugh was not pleasant. "'Tis well to be a good loser," he said with a touch of contempt. "But believe me, madam, the chance of the cards is not everything. Had you your Hoyle by heart, as I have had any time this twenty years, you might have come off better. And upon my soul, I do not know what others would do in my place, but I scorn to take advantage of a lady. Come, madam, keep your trinkets and give me half the stake we had on them; call it a thousand if you will, and let us be quits. I bought my own knowledge of the game dearer than I sell it you."

Isabella flushed red. "I assure you, Sir Garrett," she retorted hotly, "I need no lessons. The chance was in the cards, I tell you."

Again he smiled with an air of arrogant complacency. "But allow me, madam. Your discard of the king in the last hand—"

"It was to make my point," she interrupted.

"Which in fact you did not make," said he, and his tone grew more and more aggravating; "which indeed the odds were long against your making. No, believe me, madam, I could demonstrate to you—"

And so the cards came out.

Twenty minutes later Isabella had staked the rest of her jewellery and won five hundred pounds. Her face was set and keen under the pile of powdered hair drawn back from her smooth forehead; but the lace kerchief at her low bodice rose and fell quickly. Half an hour later she had lost the five hundred and the jewellery.

Sir Garrett pushed the boxes together in a heap. "Come, madam," he said, "I owe you your revenge. I am in no hurry for money. I will stake all I have here against your note of hand for three thousand pounds, payable in six months. But understand that I am well content to let matters be as they are."

Isabella played.

But luck as well as skill were against her now. Pique and capote followed, and in the third game of the partie Sir Garrett counted the hundred out of his hand before a card was played. Isabella, biting her lips, flung down the pack, went to her writing-table, and scribbled on a sheet of paper. She came back and handed it in silence to the man who sat lounging with crossed legs. He took it, scrutinised it, folded it, then, staring hard into her face, spoke with insolent innuendo. "Madam, this playing of the creditor to one of your sex was never to my mind. Has it never occurred to you that there are more ways than one of settling a debt?"

Sir Garrett Lambert had a sense of humour natural to himself and developed in an age of gross pleasantries. Either way it seemed to him he was sure of a jest that would be

admirable in repetition. And he was not disappointed; though the way which he less expected came to pass. Isabella rose to her feet fiercely. "Sir Garrett Lambert, once before in this house you insulted me!"

Instantly the man broke into his gross laugh, and shook his sides before he allowed himself to speak. "Insult you! O Lord! My dear madam, I beg a thousand pardons for my clumsiness. You take me to propose a sacrifice of your virtue. Such a thought was far indeed—O Lord, madam, you must pardon me, but I laugh to think how far you are out! When we were both young I will not deny but that I had reprehensible desires, but now—oh, believe me, madam, on my honour, such a thought would never present itself."

Isabella was white with fury. "Take your winnings, sir, and go," she said hoarsely.

Sir Garrett rose leisurely, walked to the table, and opened the jewel-cases one by one. "Pardon me, madam," he said with redoubled insolence. "By your leave I will verify the contents."

Then, when the whole array of gems was disclosed, he drew from his pocket the note of hand and laid it open upon them. "And so," he said, looking at her through half-shut eyes, "you will not allow me to state the manner in which you can recover all that is here without the least sacrifice of your honour, or the least inconvenience to yourself?"

Isabella stared at him with a touch of confusion. "I do not wish to hear any more from you, sir," she said sullenly, yet with a hint of acquiescence.

He was quick to catch at it. "But, madam," he began, "I give you my word I am in sheer earnest. Will you refuse for the sake of a trifling misconception? Upon my

life, I cannot think how I was so stupid." Luxuriously watching Isabella redder under the veiled insult, he continued: "Indeed, madam, I insist. Believe me, I should not have allowed you to risk so high a stake to me had I not had this in my mind. It is a proposal of marriage, madam—but I beg you not to misunderstand me again," he added with a leer. "I know your honourable scruples, as every one knows them."

"What do you mean?" asked Isabella angrily. "Say what you have to say and I will listen."

"It is the simplest thing on earth. You have a daughter—pardon me again if I bring up unpleasant topics. Well, I want to marry your daughter."

Isabella stared at him. "You want to marry my daughter? Why, she is a child."

Sir Garrett leered and bowed. "The mistake is natural, madam. The passage of Time has not marked you, and you have not marked his passage. But your daughter is marriageable, and no man shall say that I took the jewels of my mother-in-law—no, nor her money. Garrett Lambert is none of your beggarly heiress-hunters. No, madam; Garrett Lambert can afford to pay for his fancy—and I fancy your daughter," he ended with an ugly grin.

Isabella opened and folded the fan that she had caught up; opened it and folded it again. Her silence had something mulish in it; yet even a mule yields.

"Are you prepared to make settlements?" she asked at last.

Sir Garrett broke into his whinnying laugh. "Settlements? Surely, madam. I will settle her mother's diamonds and three thousand pounds upon her, if you insist on seeing the property bestowed in that way. But for anything else, really, madam, you

go too far. I will marry the girl, and while she pleases me she sha'n't be stinted. There's plenty would be glad of the chance, mind you. Here am I, a baronet and member for the county, until such time as the Lord Lieutenant pleases to make good his promise. And that won't be so long neither. Votes are not so easy to come by in the Irish House as they were; half of these damned fellows have left the King's Government in the lurch. Now I'm none of your Americans—none of your shouting, screaming Whig rabble. No, nor mixed up with this fool's pack of volunteers, with their cant of patriotism. I'm a Government man, thick and thin, and if I don't sit in the Lords before I'm two years older, I'll know the reason why. Take my word, madam, you'll have a peer for your son-in-law. That won't do you any harm in Bath."

"Thank you, Sir Garrett," said Isabella with a touch of contempt, "I am satisfied with my position. But your offer is a fair one. Have you spoken to the girl, may I ask?"

Sir Garrett hid a motion of discomfiture with a sneer. "Yes, I mentioned the matter to Missy. But Lord, Madam, what would you have? There's that young cub of your sister's hanging about, and his mother doing her best to make a match of it. Why, she would not let me have fair speech of the girl."

Anger grew in Isabella's eyes. "You must be mistaken, Sir Garrett. My sister has no right to act in such a manner."

"There is no mistake about it," he retorted, with malicious alacrity. "I asked leave to pay my addresses, and she ordered me out of the house. I told her what I thought of her schemes, and you may depend upon it she will do her best to set the girl against me. And with that idle

young Papist fellow, full of French tricks and fine speeches, hanging about the place—why, damme, madam, it will be the same story over again."

Isabella shut up her fan with a snap, and rose abruptly. "That it shall not be, Sir Garrett," she said. "I accept your offer for my daughter's hand, and I will write my instructions that she shall receive you properly."

"Write, then, and on my word, madam, I'll be your post myself. You may rely on a sure delivery of the message. And then—we shall see." Again he broke into his ugly laugh. "They sha'n't steal a march on me, as they did on your father, believe me."

Isabella winced a little at the reminiscence. But this turn to the conversation had given her a good excuse for following her own interest, and she was glad of it.

"I will send the letter to your lodgings, then, Sir Garrett," she said, "and the matter will lie in your hands."

"It could not be in better, madam," he answered, rubbing them. "And now, just for form's sake, I will take these trifles with me—merely to hold in pawn, you understand."

Isabella coloured, but she bowed assent. "I had meant to send them with the letter. But as you choose."

He grinned as he replied coarsely: "The sooner the better, madam, is my motto. 'Tis a tooth to come out. I wish you a good day. And I am heartily contented that you are not going to cut that handsome nose off to spite your face."

"Beast!" said Isabella, as he shut the door.

## CHAPTER XXII.

JUNE was hot and stuffy in the cup-shaped hollow of hills where Isabella gloomed over her losses and

bore angrily the condolence of her friends. June was a month of no comfort on the Channel packet where Sir Garrett, tossing in his berth and nervously solicitous about French privateers, made the slow journey from Bristol to Dublin against westerly winds. But June at Douros slipped airily and freshly from morning into evening, from evening into morning ; from rain to sunshine, from sunshine to rain. And sun and rain, morning and evening, were pleasant in their passing at Castle Carrig.

It had been decided that Maxwell should make the Castle his headquarters, and eventually his point of departure. Andy McLoughlin still had a vessel to the fore, and though Andy himself had retired into private life, Andy's sons kept up the paternal business. And, as Maxwell said, Mary McSwiney had a good right to recommend them for fidelity. But no one as yet was in a hurry to call for their services.

Maxwell had confided his business unreservedly to Mary, the more willingly as he had no project that she would view with displeasure. And though she was uneasy when he made an excursion to Derry for an interview with the famous earl-bishop, once he was back at Douros the law and its hazards seemed a far-off menace. His presence was a great pleasure to her, on her own account. Hers was one of those fortunate natures which can dispense wholly with company, change of scene, or interest, and yet enjoy these when they come. And the very barrier which his marriage had made between them removed all sense of restraint as between man and woman ; they met simply as the kindest friends with innumerable common ties. And for the sake of the girl, whom she loved like her own child, Mary was even more glad.

It only vexed her that Maxwell would not declare himself ; but upon this he was peremptory. No, he said—not yet, at all events. And Mary was content with the addition.

"Not yet" covered a multitude of schemes, of sanguine imaginings, in John Maxwell's quick brain. He was determined to make the most of the present, and the situation amused as well as delighted him ; there was a piquant element of comedy in discussions which continually turned on himself, or on his daughter's idea of himself. He was amused to find himself giving bail in his own recognisances, as it were, for the character of Mr. John Maxwell. "I am sure you would have found him just as tolerable as you find me, for example," he had said more than once, by way of clinching his advocacy. And he was delighted to find that the bail was always accepted as sufficient.

It was evident, however, that this could not last. He could not stay indefinitely at Douros. And being, like most men, tenacious of his pleasures, he was busy with schemes for some way to retain in his life this new and delightful companionship.

Time and the war had broken many of the ties that he had formed in America. One strong attachment death had severed, and left him ready to accept this European mission. Now it seemed as if the whole of his life lay in this circle at Douros. For the first time he almost repented his rebellion against the Crown. America, as he thought, could never be conquered, yet the war might last for half a generation ; ten years might pass before he could return to Great Britain. And even if he could, the covenant to his wife was still binding. He was tempted to try to take the girl with him and make a home for the family beyond the Atlantic.

For several days he was greatly in

love with this project. There was much to be said for it. Mary might readily be convinced that the new world offered a better future for her son than the old country, where Hugh's religion stood so grievously in his way. And yet when he saw Mary at Douros, rooted like a plant in her native air and soil, when he heard her speak of the long weariness of her foreign exile, he was smitten with remorseful indecision. Ireland, too, as Musgrave had told him, in words that all his inquiry confirmed, was on the point of great changes; the old order of intolerance was dying fast. But, more than by these considerations, he was moved by one which was half fantastic, wholly sentimental—the girl's idealisation of her mother. The dream of Grace's life, as he soon learned in long intimate talks when she poured out her thoughts to this friend, whose mind had such odd affinity with her own, was a reconciliation and a recognition, an approach to the wronged, beautiful, far-off woman. Half voluntarily, half involuntarily, he joined in the elaboration of this ideal Isabella, who would one day forgive. And so, putting aside thought for the future, he gave himself to the pleasure of the girl's society, and the greater pleasure of watching her eagerness to be with him.

It cannot be said that the young people were quite so happy as their elders; that is not the habit of youth. Grace for the first time found herself in intercourse with a man of the world, who possessed knowledge, wit, charm of manner, and, in addition to all this, showed a keen appreciation of herself. More than that, he seemed to be in some way bound to her by this strange tie linking him through her father; she came to regard him as her natural property. Yet he perplexed her by his reticence on

many points, and her instinctive perception that between him and her aunt there existed full confidence made her smart under a sense of limitation.

Moreover, there was trouble with Hugh. Grace, indeed, had treated her cousin with the light cruelty proper to young womanhood. She had been glad enough of his society in the weeks before John Maxwell came; and, indeed, she felt herself entitled to say that in those days the absurd boy had shown no such desire to monopolise her. Hugh had always been ready enough to go off alone to his shooting or fishing. Why then should she put herself out to humour him now? It was just as well for him to see that other people found her worth talking to, and people of much more consequence than a mere boy.

In justice to Grace, it should be said that the delicate homage of Sir Garrett Lambert had given her no pleasure. Hugh had no occasion for jealousy there. But now there was no questioning the girl's preference for the company of this elderly man—before the prestige of whose experience Hugh stood abashed, sulky, and lastly, to Grace's fierce indignation, rude.

Maxwell for a moment was puzzled by the lad's outbreak of temper; then, as the situation dawned on him, he made excuses to leave Grace (thus adding to her resentment), and between laughter and perplexity he came to Mary with the story. She laughed too, but her amusement had a rueful touch.

"Poor Hugh," she said. "Is it only now you are finding that out? That was one of the reasons why I wanted you to explain. Secrets always make trouble. And besides, Jack, I don't want to be putting notions into young people's heads. If it wasn't for this, they would have

gone on quite happily, but now Hugh may be doing something foolish."

"And pray, what else ought he to be doing at that age?" Maxwell retorted, laughing.

But Mary's face was grave. "It is all very well to laugh, Jack," she answered. "But Hugh is just a year younger than his father was when he got engaged. And you know, Jack," she added, "that was no laughing matter."

He nodded his head. "The hardest thing in the world is for the forties to understand the teens," he admitted. "For the life of me, I cannot bring myself to understand that life is a serious matter for that nice boy of yours. But do you think Grace would be as serious as he?"

"I think," said Mary, with her quiet smile in which there was to be traced now a little melancholy, "that while Grace is flattered by the attention of a much older and more cultivated man, she will think very little of poor Hugh. But afterwards—I can't say. You see, Jack, it never seems impossible to a mother that a girl should fall in love with her son. And whichever way it went, there would be bad trouble. I don't see how I could keep Hugh at home."

Maxwell looked up sharply at her. "Explain," he said abruptly.

"If Grace would have nothing to say to him, Hugh would be wretched. And if there was a chance of the other thing, I should have to send him away. I cannot let it be said that I abused my trust."

His face clouded, and he was silent for a moment. "You mean," he said slowly, "that that is what your sister would say?"

"Well, Jack—what else do you expect?"

Again he was silent for a while as they paced up and down by the Castle's battlements.

"This is a bad tangle," he said at last. "And you have no clear notion what you are going to do with the boy! He wants to be a soldier, he says. Would you mind that?"

"I would mind very much the only thing possible," she answered, "though even that is hardly possible. He might get a commission in the King of France's army, but I can't bear the idea of his going to fight against this country. You in America are different. If I had been living in America, I should have liked him to fight for his liberty. But here, what is he to do? He cannot go into the army, unless he goes as a Protestant."

"I see," said Maxwell, but absent-mindedly. He was deep in thought.

"But what is the good in talking?" Mary went on. "A penniless Protestant would be no better than a penniless Catholic. I'm afraid a home with his mother is all the home that Hugh is likely to have, so far as I can see. He must go out into the world somehow; but, Jack, I would like to keep him for a while yet, and I cannot help saying that you will make it hard for me if you persist in keeping up this secret."

Maxwell walked beside her in perplexity for a while before speaking. "Look now, Mary," he said at last; "there is only one person but yourself who knows this secret at present. Say I trust the discretion of these two young people; there will be four then. Well, if that secret gets wind, there will be talk, attention will be drawn to me, and I do not court attention. Will you let me leave it like this? I am bound to go to Enniskillen before I can feel that I have executed my commission. I will start this afternoon; that will take me away for a week or more; then I return here. If you still

think this disclosure necessary, I will either make it or go."

"Don't talk about going, Jack," said Mary, with a look of pain. "But do what you say; only, I shall be unhappy about you; it is a risk."

"There is always a risk, Mary. If it were not for that, I would take Master Hugh with me to Enniskillen, and see if we could not find some one to turn the blind eye to his religion, and give him a commission in a volunteer battalion. But the mere fact that he has a foreign accent, as well as his being a Catholic, makes it unwise. If suspicion arose he would increase it, and if anything happened to me he might be implicated. Besides, I confess I should not like leaving you here alone till the business about Lambert has blown over. He was always a spiteful beast, and he may try yet to make trouble. So it is best in every way that I should go and that Hugh should stay. And that will give me a week or two to think over my course."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

HUGH and Grace were quarrelling; they had done little else these last days since the guest departed. And yet it was noticeable that they preferred being together and quarrelling to being at peace apart. At this moment Grace had been rebuking Hugh for a formal shortcoming, and she had pointed her reproof by the observation that Mr. Macnamara would never have been guilty of such neglect. That did not sweeten the admonition to Hugh, though it carried conviction into his reluctant mind.

He walked in ill-temper beside the girl on their favourite alley where the battlements overlooked the river, defending himself perversely enough. Suddenly his quick eyes caught the figure of a horseman crossing the

stretch of road beyond Lanan bridge. "Look there," he said, in a surly tone.

Grace scanned the road and saw. "It can't be Mr. Macnamara," she cried; "he was not to be back for another week. I wish it were," she added wickedly.

"Never mind," the boy retorted; "it is your other elderly beau. Shall we go out and stop him? He will hardly be coming here unless you press him, after his last visit."

Grace turned a little pale. "It can't be," she said; "he is in England."

"It is, though," he answered. "Why, Grace, what's the matter? you aren't afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid," she explained, "not really afraid. I'm not really afraid of spiders, but I don't like them. And I know he is coming here; he said he would. We must go and tell Aunt Mary. Oh, I wish Mr. Macnamara were here."

Hugh drew himself up, stiff with pride and resentment. "I think myself quite able to deal with Sir Garrett Lambert, if he has the insolence to show himself in this house again. I will go to the door if he comes, and send him back quicker than he came. He has no right to force himself on you and my mother."

Grace looked at the lad with a mixture of surprise and admiration. "You!" she said. "But will he mind you?"

"He shall have my whip across his face if he does not," answered Hugh fiercely.

"Oh!" said the girl, with a little tremor. She began to realise that boy or not, Hugh was old enough to incur danger in her defence. It strangely altered their relations, leaving her half incredulous, half timid.

The beat of horse-hoofs fell on their ears. She caught the boy's arm.

"There, I told you so, Hugh! He's coming! We must go to Aunt Mary quick. I'm glad you're here."

Mary McSwiney sat working in her drawing-room when the pair burst in on her with their tidings. She listened very quietly. "Go, Hugh," she said, "and tell Kate to answer that I do not wish to see him."

"I will tell him so myself, mother," cried Hugh eagerly.

"No, indeed," said his mother, and her tone was peremptory, "you will just do what I ask you."

Hugh was back in a moment, excited and laughing. "I never saw Kate so pleased since I came here. 'Tis I will tell him then,' I wouldn't wonder if she went up with the kitchen roller in her hand. Hark, there he is!" as hoofs clattered and a bell rang.

In a moment hurrying steps were heard. Kate flounced into the room. "Please, ma'am, I bid him go away with him, but he says he has a letter with him from Mrs. Maxwell, and he be to give it to yourself or to Miss Grace."

A look of surprise and vexation came on to Mary's countenance; then she glanced quickly at her niece, from whom a little cry came. The girl's figure and face had wilted like the leaves of a sensitive plant when you strike it. Mary forgot her anger in the sight. "Hugh," she said, "take Grace out on to the turret walk; be there if I want you. I will see this gentleman by myself, and find out what he has to say."

"Come, Grace," said the lad, in hushed tones, for the sense of trouble had fallen heavy and sudden on the room. White and dazed, the girl followed him out through the stone passage, out to the air, full of an unspoken misery.

For years she had thought endlessly about her mother, the rich and beau-

tiful woman whose name was never mentioned to her without a shake of the head—the mother who, she was told, was cruel to her. And her solitary mind, weaving a world after its own fashion, refused the story that was told or hinted to her in the pitying phrases of outspoken country people—"Poor wee thing! poor young lady!" Other people, she thought, had their mothers who loved them; was hers alone to be unnatural? And out of the vague half-comprehended story of her own birth she had spun a web of excuses, championing the woman who gave her life by such reasoning as a mother might more naturally use to defend her child. Books had taught her that marriage may be more hateful than the grave, and of such a marriage she knew herself sprung. It seemed to her excusable, natural even, that a mother so married should feel aversion for the living token of marriage, should put the child away, having provided for it. She had no fault to find with the provision; and how, she thought, should her mother guess her imaginative longing, her fierce gusts of envy for those who had mothers? It had not been cruelty, only a natural shrinking from cruel reminders.

Mary's tenderness had quieted all this unrest till Hugh came home, and then a kind of jealousy revived it. Then Maxwell, partly through a natural likeness of mind, partly from his habitual desire to give her pleasure, had fostered a dream. Some day there was to be a meeting and a reconciliation that would leave her no longer motherless. Some day her mother would know all, and perhaps be grateful to a daughter who had always been loyal to the unknown.

Yet even while Grace, in her talks with this new friend, and still more in the thoughts born of these talks, built up her visionary ideal, doubt

had been sown in her mind. For the first time she had learnt to modify the image of her father, whom she had blackened in her dream-world to give radiance to the other figure; and, as she modified it, her sense of proportion unconsciously weighted the scales against Isabella.

And here, now at the last, after all these years, came the first direct communication from the unseen mother, the first positive expression of her actual self; and it came by an ominous messenger. Was it possible that this first act, this first definite interference in her life, should be a flagrant injustice? Yet surely it was all too evident that Sir Garrett had somehow found an ally.

She stood there, her elbows on the parapet, looking out across the river channel to the hill-side with unseeing eyes. Passionate revolt was ready to rise in her heart, and yet her shaken faith, longing to reassess itself, was mad for confirmation. And by her side Hugh stood silent with a troubled face, watching her, feeling and yet not comprehending her torture.

Between the two there had been only the frank and beautiful comradeship of boy and girl, till Hugh's jealousy had changed the relation. But the change had been only obscurely felt, never precipitated by a word, or by the least hint of a caress. And now he stood divining like a dumb creature, with a dumb creature's desire to express sympathy by touch, yet held back by a boyish shyness.

At last, half timidly, without speaking, he laid his hand on her arm. He felt it warm in his grasp, and a thrill ran through him; the gulf that sundered them was half bridged. The girl never stirred, hardly noticed his touch; yet there stole through her a sudden sense of comradeship, of alliance, of relief.

Bolder now, obeying his instinct, he laid his arm round her waist, yet rather with the gesture of protection than endearment.

"Grace, dear," he said in a half whisper, "don't fret; it will all come right."

He felt her yield a little to his hand, relax towards him; then suddenly she turned, with an appeal of despair in her eyes. "Hugh! My mother cannot have known what she was doing. She cannot have understood."

In a flash the gulf was bridged. She had spoken to him as she would speak to herself; he was taken and plunged into the centre of her thoughts—the thoughts that were more than she could bear alone. And readily, easily, thinking in unison with her, "No," he answered. Then, with a leap of intuition—"I will take you to her."

All the wisdom in the world is at certain seasons not worth a fine folly. Argument, sympathy, exhortation, condolence, could not do for the girl what Hugh by his implicit declaration of faith had done. He too then, cried the girl's heart, felt what she felt, that once mother and daughter were face to face all would be right between them; and he, man-like, was not content to desire, he promised deliverance.

Instantly, forgetting everything but her central thought, hardly conscious of this new intimacy of touch which she obeyed in a sort of rapture, the girl turned, her face shining, and caught Hugh's hands, her eager eyes on his eyes. "Oh, Hugh, if you only could!" she cried.

"I will," he answered. But his gaze was heavy on her, till her lids dropped, and a new emotion swept over her. "Grace," he whispered hoarsely, "Grace, do you think I would let anyone take you from me?"

For a moment they stood at gaze, fluttering like flames; then with a cry, half bold, half timid, they were in each other's arms, and kissed the first kiss of youth.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

STEPS were heard on the stone stair leading up to the turret walk, and with flushed faces and swimming eyes the two parted. Kate's head appeared above the wall.

"The mistress bid me fetch you, Miss Grace," she said sullenly, ill-pleased with her errand. Kate would sooner have slammed the castle door in Sir Garrett's face and summoned an array of her admirers to defend the walls against all and sundry.

Grace turned a little white. "I am coming," she said.

"And I," said Hugh, in a new tone of authority.

Together they entered the room. Mary was by her work-table, her grey eyes harder than their wont. Sir Garrett sat in a chair facing the door, sneering and exultant. At the sight of Hugh he rose angrily. "What does this mean, madam?" he said. "Pray send this young gentleman about his business."

Hugh came forward with a ceremonious bow. "Sir Garrett," he said, "what I have heard of your last interview with the ladies of this house makes me determined to be present at this one."

Sir Garrett turned to Mary, an insolent grin on his face. "Is this the head of the house, madam? If so, perhaps I should have addressed myself to him. Be so good as to explain that this affair concerns only yourself and Miss Maxwell."

"Sir!" Hugh began, his colour rising.

But Mary checked him. "Wait, Hugh. Sir Garrett, there is no

reason why my son should not be present."

Then crossing the room towards the girl, who still stood near the door, her face now burning, she handed her a paper. "Grace," she said, "I would rather have shown you this when we were by ourselves. But Sir Garrett insists that he is charged to see it communicated to you, and to receive your answer."

Grace took the letter and read it with dizzy eyes.

DEAR MARY [it began in a large and untidy hand]—I understand from Sir Garrett Lambert that he has made an offer of marriage for your ward. I cannot imagine why I was not informed of this. It is my wish that the girl should accept Sir Garrett's offer, so good a match not being likely to present itself again. If, as I am told, you have formed other projects which you think likely to be for your own advantage, you had better know that I will never give a penny with the girl unless she marries to my liking. You are to explain to her my wishes. If she refuses to marry Sir Garrett within the next three months, you are to give her over to the charge of Mr. Martin at Letterward, in whose discretion I shall have more confidence. And in that case you will not expect me to continue to give you the use of Castle Carrig.—Believe me, your affectionate sister,

ISABELLA MAXWELL.

P.S.—One Papist in the family is sufficient.

"You have read it, Grace?" asked Mary, as the girl handed it back to her without a word.

"Yes, I have read it." Grace's voice was vibrant with passion. "Evidently my mother does not know this gentleman. He has told her lies about you."

Sir Garrett chuckled. "You mistake, my dear young lady. Your mother and I understand each other vastly well. Your mother is a woman of sense, and she does not wish to see unfair advantage taken of you."

"Sir," said Hugh, stepping forward, "you have just said a word that needs explanation. Who proposes to take unfair advantage of my cousin?"

"Oh, of course, nobody here," said Sir Garrett with his insolent air. "Present company are always excepted. Nobody here would think of such a thing."

"Then, sir," retorted Hugh, stammering a little in his excitement, "your remark was wantonly offensive and unworthy of a gentleman."

Sir Garrett shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "Be quiet, Hugh," said his mother anxiously; "our reputation can take very good care of itself. It is not proper for you to interfere."

But the lad drew himself up, and spoke with a boyish magniloquence. "I beg your pardon, mother. I have every right that a man can have to protect Grace."

There was a significance in his tone that was not lost upon Sir Garrett. "You hear, madam?" he cried. "This young gentleman takes the airs of a privileged lover, and look at Missy there blushing and simpering. You may deny it as you like, but Mrs. Maxwell is well grounded in her distrust of you."

Mary too had caught the meaning in Hugh's speech, and was filled with confusion. Matters had got for the moment beyond her control, and Hugh was already taking the reins. He leaped forward, forcing the older man to confront him. "Sir Garrett, you will answer to me for those words," he said.

"Answer!" roared the other. "I make no answer to boys. I want to know what your mother says to that letter."

But now Grace stepped out, her eyes flaming with anger. "The answer to that letter comes from me, sir. I will marry neither a coward

nor a renegade. And if you were neither a coward nor a renegade, as you are both, I would sooner beg my bread in the road than marry you."

"Well, there will be three of you to beg it," the man snarled at her. "Do you understand, miss, that by this answer you are turning your aunt and your precious young friend here out of doors?"

But Mary interposed. "It is quite useless for you to insist, Sir Garrett," she said. "I have my sister's letter, and I will obey it in every particular. And now, sir, we will thank you to leave us."

Spluttering and inarticulate, Lambert stood there, ready to break into abuse, when Hugh laid a hand on his arm. Angrily he swung round upon the lad, his hand raised; but at sight of the tall, tense young figure he altered his motion, and only glared at his antagonist.

"The door is open," said Hugh, with a light of mastery in his face. And sullenly, like a cowed beast, Sir Garrett tramped out, Hugh following.

The two women, left by themselves, stood half-consciously avoiding each other's eyes. It was as if a hostility had developed itself between them.

"They won't fight?" said Grace after a moment.

"No," said Mary, and her tone had a hardness rare with her. "Sir Garrett has no appetite for duelling."

She moved about the room restlessly, lifting things and setting them down in an aimless way. Grace watched her, so unlike herself, and pity began to rise in her for other troubles than her own.

"Aunt Mary," she said, "my mother can't mean what she said. She does not know us. She will change her mind when you write to her."

"I don't think I shall write to her," said Mary, almost sharply.

"Oh, but you must, Aunt Mary," cried the girl pleadingly. "You must get her to see me. It is impossible that things should go on like this. Hugh and I—" Then she stopped.

"Yes," said her aunt, "'Hugh and I.' What has Hugh to say in the matter? What did he mean by his words just now?"

The girl drew herself up proudly. "He meant," she answered slowly, "that he and I have just found out we love each other."

For a touch of tenderness in the girl's tone the woman would have been wholly won. But Grace, in all the egoism of youth, set herself and Hugh, as it were, on one side, challenging Hugh's mother with the rest of the world; and Mary's face was still stern.

"Your mother is hard on us," she said, "but I am left without the right to complain. I have myself to blame. And now this is an end of all our good time."

"I don't believe it—I won't believe it," the girl cried. "My mother can't be unjust. Do you mean to say that she would force me into marriage as she was forced herself? That man must have lied to her."

The passion in the girl's words and gesture moved Mary somewhat, and it was in a softer voice she replied. "My dear, have not you and Hugh between you made it hard for me to prove that he lied? Go to your room now, and let me talk to Hugh; I hear him coming."

Angry and dejected, the girl withdrew before Hugh entered, triumphant in his newly asserted manhood. At the sight of his shining eyes his mother's heart stirred in her tumultuously, but she spoke words of rebuke.

"This is a bad day's work you have done, Hugh."

The boy came beside her, and put his arm round her. "So, Grace has told you. Mother, it is the best day's work ever I shall do," he said.

"Foolishness, my son," she said. "What can come of it?"

"We can wait, mother," he answered, "and we shall be together."

She shook her head sadly. Despite herself, her voice grew very soft. "Hugh, my dear, it is the breaking up of our home and all our happiness. We have to leave this place." And she showed him Isabella's letter. His face fell grievously as he read it.

"All this is the work of that scoundrel," he said. "Well, he shall answer for it. I know what I have to do."

"What you have to do," said his mother peremptorily—for she felt it full time to assert herself—"is to ride with a letter from me to Martin, and then go and find Mr. Macnamara if you can, and bid him come to us at once."

"Macnamara," said Hugh. "What do you want with him? I can hit him five times to one with the foils, and I can shoot as straight, or nearly."

His mother laughed. "It is not swords or pistols we want now, my son. Go and get ready. And you will give me your word there shall be no more love-making between you and Grace while she is under my care. If she is taken from me, then you may wait—as your father waited—if you and she are no wiser in your generation."

Then she embraced the boy silently, and went away to her own room to cry.

*(To be continued.)*

## PROTECTION OR FREE-TRADE?

To the taking of a sane view in any matter that is providing watchwords for partisan politics, Dr. Johnson's immortal warning, to "clear the mind of cant," is an indispensable preliminary. Readers of this paper are asked, so far as may be, to rid themselves of any extravagant prepossessions on one side or the other, and to read it, as in all good faith it is written, as an attempt, necessarily inadequate, but so far as it goes trustworthy, to set before those not specially versed in the "dismal science" the main arguments for and against the radical change in English fiscal policy which Mr. Chamberlain has startled the world by advocating. For his part the writer will endeavour to keep his paper free from technical phrases or the citations of learned authorities. He will try to put plain arguments in plain language. But it would be uncandid for him not to admit that, though like most Englishmen by birth and breeding a free-trader, a stay of some years in the Australian colonies, and the study of economic conditions in other lands than his own, have made him a convert, if not to any immediate scheme of full grown protection, at least to Mr. Balfour's standpoint of the open mind.

One more word by way of preface. Although in the actual conditions of life no complete separation of economics from politics or social ethics is ever possible, yet it will be desirable for present purposes to group together the arguments for and against protection under the

headings political, economic, and social, in proportion as these considerations are in each aspect the predominant factor. But this is done with the full admission that each impinges on the other, and that any fair conclusion can be derived only from a conspectus of them all.

Of the political reasons for protection we may place first the consideration which has apparently had most weight with Mr. Chamberlain, the desirability, perhaps even the necessity, of finding some bond to keep the Empire from dissolution. Political federation is an ideal difficult of realisation until improved methods of communication have brought England and her scattered Empire much nearer together. Commercial federation (an "Imperial Trade Union," as I have ventured to call it elsewhere) is a task that might tentatively be essayed at once. Indeed there is the special reason that our great colony of Canada has already granted a preference to English goods, and is in present danger of being punished for it by continental retaliation. I do not wish to elaborate this point here. It is an aspect of protection of which we are all hearing much, and shall hear much more. But I should like to record a deliberate belief, based on my years of colonial life, that some such bond as that implied in preferential duties is almost indispensable if the Empire is to hold together. In a previous paper in *MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE*<sup>1</sup> I recounted

<sup>1</sup> June, 1901.

the circumstances that resulted in Australian Federation. That movement, as I ventured then to anticipate, has resulted in a great increase of national feeling, shown in, among other things, the recent agitation for an Australian national fleet. Many converging tendencies combine to assure me that if Australia is not brought to feel within the next few years that she is a real and integral portion of wider England, it will assuredly not be long before a second Declaration of Independence startles the Empire from its somnolent optimism.

On the other hand, the dangers of altering the existing state of things must not be underestimated. Australian free-traders (mainly, in the Commonwealth, the rich importers and their dependants) are an influential minority. Free-trade and protection have in most of the colonies long been the existing lines of party-demarcation; and, no doubt, if it were possible, it would be desirable not to identify the imperial cause with either of the colonial political parties. Personally, I admit, I consider the danger, though great, less great than the danger of *laissez faire*; and am disposed to believe that if it came to the test, most even of free-trade Australians would prove imperialists first and free-traders afterwards. New South Wales has already been patriotic enough to Australia to give up her free-trade principles for the sake of nationality. It is not too much to hope that she may be willing to extend that sacrifice in the interests of imperial unity.

The second political argument advanced in favour of protection is that, by securing a complete system of inter-imperial commerce, the Empire would be in time of peace practically self-supporting, in time of war absolutely independent of all foreign supplies.

If protection is indeed a political necessity, if there is real danger of weakness in war through a continuance of our free-trade policy, clearly economic considerations must yield to political. Other things being equal, a man is the happier for being rich. Other things being equal, a nation is the happier for being rich. Until any argument has been adduced to the contrary, we may perhaps assume that unrestricted commercial freedom will be the best way to make a nation rich. But just as it will be of little avail to a man's happiness to allow him to grow rich, if there is every chance of his being robbed at the first street corner, so it is of little profit to secure the wealth of a country, if that country is already becoming disintegrated, and is only preparing herself for spoliation by other nations through the wealth she is accumulating. If by means of an imperial trade union the British Empire would be more competent to resist the continental attack which the first real signs of weakness would precipitate, then it is to the interests of the Empire, heart and limbs alike, to secure the added strength even at the risk of economic loss.

On the other hand free-traders will point out that in any war it is improbable that so complete a blockade of England could be effected as to preclude the landing of supplies in some portion of it, and that, if so, such supplies would be more easily procured from friendly powers than from the more distant colonies;—for it is hardly conceivable that England should be at war with every European power simultaneously. Moreover the policy of protection would be much more likely, they will tell us, to land us in a European war than to help us when engaged in one. There can be no doubt that the pre-eminence of England has been tolerated by the

world largely because she is a free-trade country, and, when she extends her Empire, always allows foreign nations entire commercial equality with herself. It can hardly be denied, for instance, that one of the contributing causes to the non-intervention of European powers during the recent South African war was the confidence that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State would be no less open to continental commerce as English colonies than as independent states; that, on the contrary, instead of being partially closed by tariff walls they would be wholly free. Few countries are likely to be overzealous to fight another country for extending their own markets. But with England a protectionist country, English colonisation would be looked upon by the world in quite another light, and any imperial expansion might precipitate a war.

The third political argument for protection is that a tariff system will provide us with an instrument for helping our friends and harming our foes. At present free-trade forces us to treat all, friends and foes, alike; we have nothing to offer our friends, nothing with which to retaliate on our commercial foes. A wise use of the power of retaliation which protection affords, would, we are told, have secured us many free markets in Europe where we now have none. Had England been less extreme in her adoption of one-sided free-trade herself, she might by now have secured a far greater approximation to free-trade throughout the world than has yet been attained. The answer to this from the free-trade side will be that tariff wars are full of danger and not unlikely to lead to political ruptures, that the "most favoured" treatment is wont to make one friend and a score of enemies, and that the best object-

lesson in free-trade that England can teach other nations is to be consistently true to it herself.

The only other political argument in favour of protection that can here be noted is one that is most prominent on its social and economic sides—the greater differentiation of function possible under a protective system. Had New Zealand, for example, confined her industrial activities entirely to the production of the two commodities for which she is economically best fitted, mutton and gold, she might have been a richer nation than she is to day. She would certainly not have been as healthy, as strong, as progressive. The life and outlook of her inhabitants would have been monotonous in the extreme, until at length through producing nothing but mutton and gold, they might well have grown incapable of even that. A strong nation demands multiplicity of interests, many-sided activity. This in the highest degree can only be secured by protection. In answer to this, free-traders rejoin that the necessary multiplicity can be attained under free-trade. To take the suggested instance of New Zealand. It would have been impossible for the two industries mentioned to have existed without causing subsidiary industries to spring up, supported by the "natural protection" of distance.

But it is on its purely economic advantages that advocates of free-trade have long been accustomed to rely. The old economic fallacies in favour of protection which are historically associated with the "Mercantile System" were demolished for all time by Adam Smith, and no instructed modern protectionist dreams of reviving them. Roughly the argument came to this, that by taxing the imports from a foreign country you crippled

its trade, and thus your own country grew the richer. It was supposed that in the matter of wealth if one country gained another must lose, and that it was to each nation's economic advantage to prevent other nations from getting rich. Now on political grounds it might well be advantageous to one nation that another should remain poor (however difficult it would prove in practice so to act as to contribute to that result). Economically it is a sheer fallacy to suppose one nation's gain necessarily to be another's loss. It would be so if wealth were a fixed quantity. But it is not. The richer a nation grows, the more it can produce; that is, the more it has to give in exchange to other nations. Let us take a familiar instance from individual life. A stamp-collecting boy at school with 2,000 stamps might for social and political reasons be glad that no boy in the school had more than 200. But for economic reasons he would welcome the advent of boys with as large or larger collections. For so they will be enabled to exchange superfluities, and he, as well as they, will profit by foreign trade. So long as it was thought that the more coin a nation had the richer it was, and that the object of foreign trade was for a nation to secure an excess of exports over imports, so that a stream of specie should flow to it from abroad—so long as this was believed, it was natural to suppose that each nation could only help itself by harming others. The more coin it got, the less there was for them. But when Adam Smith made it clear that the only result of such influx of specie was to depreciate the coinage, to make money so cheap that its purchasing power was enormously reduced, and showed that a country wanted just sufficient coin to regulate exchanges, and no more,

it was seen that the essence of foreign trade was the exchange of commodities, and that the richer other nations grew the more they had to exchange, money thus coming to procure more utilities, to satisfy more wants. If England were the only wealthy nation in the world, our money would not be able to purchase a tithe of the necessities, conveniences and luxuries that it can to-day.

Free-traders have no difficulty in disproving the fallacies of mercantilism. They then proceed to find the economic basis of free trade in what in individual life is known as the "division of labour." Just as among individuals it is economically advantageous that, rather than that each man should try to supply all his own necessities, each man should confine himself to one calling and then exchange with others the overplus of the fruits of his activity; so among nations it is profitable, rather than that each nation should try to supply itself from itself with everything it needs, that each should apply itself wholly to those industries to which it is naturally best adapted, and that they should then freely exchange with each other the results of their industry. Now the first thing the modern philosophic protectionist would say with reference to this theory of foreign trade, which is, of course, in the abstract entirely sound, is that in practice its essential validity depends very largely upon the size of the nation in question. Thus, for England, with its narrow range of climate and small physical extent, foreign trade is and must always be far more necessary than for the United States, with their huge extent of territory and climate of endless variety. But if we extend our outlook from England to the British Empire, the all-importance of foreign trade becomes less and less obvious;

in the varied nations, scattered through a score of climes and half a hundred seas, which, united, form our great world-nation, all the wants of all the Britons might well be satisfied. Foreign trade may still be economically desirable; but it becomes far less essential to economic welfare than when we bound our outlook by the white walls of our little northern island.

Another argument that a modern protectionist may advance for the consideration of partisans of unrestrained freedom in foreign trade is that the latter, in their insistence on the diversity of soils and climates in the countries of the world, and the consequent desirability of the exchange of their fruits, are apt to ignore a fact of nature not less fundamental and important, the diversity of human abilities. If labour is to be efficient it must be spent not only on an object capable of yielding economic advantage to the community; but it must be the labour of a man naturally suited to perform that particular kind of labour.

Thus, to revert to our instance of New Zealand and the two industries of mutton and gold, which we supposed, according to the strict doctrine of comparative cost, alone to be economically justifiable: we must now modify our supposition by our knowledge of the extreme diversity of human nature, and the extreme unlikelihood that that diversity would be sufficiently catered for by these two industries and the few subsidiary trades that would naturally spring up. We must consider the superior productivity of certain human soils, as well as certain terrestrial soils, and remember that the former will only reach their highest productivity in connection with the particular work for which they are naturally fit. Protection aims by judicious

and moderate support of many-sided activity to secure that each unit in the community finds his fit work. Against, then, the economic loss that may result through limiting the freedom of foreign trade, protectionists can set the economic gain resulting from the increased efficiency of work secured by the much larger variety of industries possible under a protective system.

Of the social advantages of free-trade, the most obvious are these: the smaller chances of political corruption afforded under a free-trade system, and the greater cheapness of the necessities of life. No doubt it is perfectly true that any extension of the functions of government towards the control of industry multiplies the chances of corruption. It will be to the advantage of every industry to try to obtain concessions from Parliament, and unscrupulous members may be directly or indirectly bribed to grant to some higher concessions than to others. The modern protectionist would reply with the old adage, "Fear not to sow because of the birds." Our modern extension of municipal activity has not made our councillors more venal, but less. Even granted that in certain cases concessions might be made by Parliament rather in obedience to the voice of the multitude, or of criminal self interest, than of justice; yet public opinion is a strong force in England, and it is to take a low view of human nature not to believe that a deliberative body of the prestige, ability and character of the British House of Commons will prove as competent of devising a tariff conducive to national prosperity as the Federal Houses of the United States of America or of Australia.

As to the greater cheapness of the necessities of life, the protectionist will say with Mr. Chamberlain that the slight added cost under protection

of such commodities will be very much more than counterbalanced by the increase in wages which increased national prosperity will make possible. For fifty years free-trade has been tried; food has been cheap; but no social student can look with satisfaction on the conditions of life of the average English worker.<sup>1</sup> As Professor Huxley wrote:

Anyone who is acquainted with the state of the population of all great industrial centres . . . is aware that amidst a large and increasing body of the population there reigns supreme that condition which the French call *la misère*. It is a condition in which the food, warmth, and clothing which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state, cannot be obtained; in which men, women and children are forced to crowd into dens where decency is abolished and the most ordinary conditions of healthful existence are impossible of attainment; in which the pleasures within reach are reduced to brutality and drunkenness, in which the pains accumulate at compound interest in the shape of starvation, disease, stunted development and moral degradation, in which the prospect of even steady and honest industry is a life of unsuccessful battling with hunger, rounded by a pauper's grave.

We have had fifty years of free-trade, and to-day in our wealthiest city there are, according to Mr. Charles Booth's detailed analysis, 37,000 persons permanently out of work, 316,000 in chronic want, while 1,292,737 earn not more than the princely wage of one guinea per week per family. Is this the ultimate goal of our social evolution? If so, we may well join Huxley in his prayer for some kindly comet to sweep us and our misery out of existence.

In spite of the rousing of the con-

science of the community as shown in Factory Acts and municipal and educational activities, yet so long as *laissez faire* is allowed unquestioned sway in the department of economics, vital reform remains impossible. It is hardly conceivable, for instance, that, under any well-devised scheme of protection, the depopulation of rural England would be allowed to continue. On the physical not less than on the mental health of a nation does its prosperity depend, and no Englishman can afford to look with equanimity on the rush to the towns on the part of the agricultural population of England. Village industries and garden cities, wiser land laws, may do something to cope with this evil. But the root of the matter is undoubtedly the fact that under unrestricted free-trade the possibility of making agriculture pay in England is becoming increasingly far removed. Twenty years ago there were more than ten and a half millions of land under corn in Great Britain and Ireland. To-day that number has been reduced by over two millions. Let the tendency continue unchecked and another century may see England entirely denuded of cornfields. If there is anything essential in this state of things, if the amount of protection required to make agriculture pay once more in England is anything really exorbitant, anything which would really and vitally diminish the net incomes of the wage-earners of the country, we shall, no doubt, have to make the best of what all must admit to be a national calamity. But if, as competent enquirers assure us, a moderate tariff, more than compensating workers for any slight increase in prices by higher wages due to increased national prosperity, would be sufficient to re-people our villages; then in view of the increase in virility,

<sup>1</sup> Since these words were written the point has been strikingly elaborated by Mr. Benjamin Kidd in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for July.

power and sanity that a rehabilitated class of yeomanry would afford old England, the apparent sacrifice might be well worth making. It is the isolation of country life, which, combined with the low wages, makes agricultural labour distasteful to the modern artisan. But under a wise protection it might well pay England to emulate New Zealand in buying up here and there a large estate, and organising village communities of tenant farmers upon the land thus resumed. The prosperity of such a settlement as that of Cheviot in New Zealand might well open the eyes of English statesmen to the possibilities of state-assisted agriculture, which, while causing little if any direct economic loss to the community (what economic loss there may be being more than compensated by other economic gains), checks the tendency to congregate in towns by bringing many of the advantages of town life into the country, and lays in rich stores of health and strength for the future life of the community.

It is then on social grounds that modern supporters of protection most confidently base their appeal to the nation. No social organism can be healthy so long as any portion of it is dwarfed by disease and inanition. The future of England depends on

the prosperity of its working classes. Will continued adherence to economic *laissez faire* secure that prosperity?

Protectionists will point to the little Australian state of Victoria (little according to Australian standards, not English), which despite commercial difficulties, despite continued droughts, despite the determined opposition of the propertied classes, has managed to secure her workers a minimum wage sufficient to rear their families to be healthy and capable citizens, healthy in body, healthy in mind. It is only protection that enables Australian states to dispense with workhouses, and afford a moderate pension to the worn-out toilers of the Commonwealth.

Protectionists will tell us that a wise scheme of protection, reviving our agriculture, increasing our industries, cementing our Empire, will alone bring England into line with her colonies and the other progressive nations of the world. And even those who find it difficult to accept all that protectionists claim for their system, may yet be wise in giving it gradual trial.

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## LA PETITE.

It was strange, but true, that Basil Chillington, aged three-and-twenty, and now as good as B.A. of Oxford (for no one doubted that he had got his degree, though the lists were not yet out)—that Basil Chillington, aged three-and-twenty and worth quite £4,000 a year, had never been inside a music hall. The Chillingtons were Friends, Quakers if you prefer the coarser word. That was why.

One morning, however, Basil happened to glance at the photographs outside the Weekmouth Palace of Varieties, and—well, the result had moved him. Of course they were a painted, padded and immoral quartette, these “Parisian Wonders,” acrobats; but Basil was moved nevertheless. There was an expression in the eyes of that one girl, even on the cardboard, which gave him immediate “disturbance under the waistcoat.” His dear friend, Coxon Bates of Oriel, who had never yet passed an examination respectably, had described love in these terms. Basil looked and looked again. And then he blushed, hurried into a hansom and drove back to Brampton Hall for luncheon with extraordinary impetuosity.

And that evening he returned to Weekmouth and took a box seat in the Palace. He heard much that shocked him even in so well-conducted an establishment. But he waited for turn No. 9, and was then rewarded. There were of course four to the quartette: three girls and a young man whose shape and graceful comeliness might have inspired Pindar to write an ode on him. The

young man did marvellous things; he was also the pivot for the performances of the young ladies. He was Pierre; the others were Marguerite, Lucille and La Petite. It was La Petite whom Basil had come, shyly and with a disquieting sense of unlawful enterprise, to see. She was yet more marvellous than the young man, perfect in contour, with a little round smiling face and a coolness in the midst of dangers that moved to frenzy the host of smoking and swigging pleasure-seekers in that gilded and reeking hall. Pierre ran about the stage with La Petite balanced upside down upon him, her one palm only on his head. They made themselves into a column, all the four of them, with La Petite on the top. Only La Petite’s pretty feet were in sight then. The column broke up and La Petite descended, like an angel, with outstretched arms, smiling, serene and—safe. There was plenty more of the same kind of thing, and no accident.

When it was over and the quartette had again and again bowed and smiled their thanks, Basil furtively wiped his forehead and hands and breathed as he had never yet breathed. “How—awful!” he gasped.

And then he looked up to see the florid personage of Mr. Dashworth, the lessee of the music hall, come through his curtain, with an entirely respectful bow. “Mr. Chillington, I think?” said Mr. Dashworth, and Basil assented.

They did not enjoy much conversation. Basil was shy, and—ashamed. Mr. Dashworth was proud of his new

patron ; said so, and did his utmost to draw Basil out. He mentioned champagne—would Mr. Chillington give him the pleasure and so forth ? But of course that courtesy was wasted. Basil was anxious only to get home and think. He felt a terrible disturbance under the waist-coat ; yet not so very terrible, apart from its novelty.

" I hope we may see you again, Mr. Chillington," said the lessee at parting. " There is, as you will have noticed, nothing in my house to which the most prejudiced and puritanical need take exception." Basil didn't know about that. He hoped not, he said ; and went.

And the next night he was there again. Twenty-four hours had increased his heart-trouble. This time he looked at La Petite through opera glasses, and he knew why he loved her. He had written poetry at Oxford of course, and was thoroughly familiar with the theory of beauty as an outcome of the pathetic. It was the sweet underlying pathos in La Petite's face that attracted him. The smiles, the unchanging smiles, were for the world, but she was not happy. Of that he felt sure. And she was more beautiful than before.

Mr. Dashworth again discovered him. There was little that passed in his house that he failed to see. He observed what magnet drew Basil, and soon mentioned the acrobats. " Who are they ? Are they—decent people ? " asked Basil, with crimsoning cheeks.

Mr. Dashworth shrugged and smiled, as he toyed with his watch-chain—a large thing. " They're French," he replied. " Not fifty words of English between them. A good sort, of course, and very smart. I pay them—but never mind that ; it's first-class pay anyway. Brother and sisters, except the little one. La

Petite, you know, means *small*. I beg your pardon ; naturally you know French, Mr. Chillington."

" Yes, I can talk a bit," said Basil. " Isn't she a relation then ? "

Mr. Dashworth became cynical. " You might think so, if you saw the way those other two talk at her in the wings," he replied ; " but she isn't. They're jealous of her. She's worth them put together and multiplied by ten. By what I make out from Mamzelle Lucille, they picked her out of the gutter in Paris and—shaped her, don't you know. And they lead her a life. If I were the lad, I'd marry her to spite them, and then do the rounds without them."

" O-h," said Basil, with eager eyes.

" One minute, Mr. Chillington," said the lessee, under an impulse. He read Basil's face very easily. " Please don't go for a minute or two." Basil wondered what he wanted, but he waited. And then again the curtain parted and La Petite was before him, with the lessee behind. She was not dressed expensively and she had the calm eyes and self-possession of a child.

" Monsieur wishes to speak to me ? " she said in French.

Basil could have struck Mr. Dashworth in the mouth there and then, the grinning oaf ! His confusion, as he rose and begged La Petite to be seated, was hot while it lasted. " Ah no, I must not stay," protested La Petite. " They await me, the others."

Mr. Dashworth withdrew into the corridor : Basil's face was still so easy to read. And then Basil made the greatest endeavour of his life hitherto. Oxford examinations were nothing to it. " How good you are, mademoiselle ! " he murmured. He meant her talents.

" Monsieur ! " said La Petite.

" Oui," stammered Basil, very very red. " I—c'est à dire—I—je vous

*admire beaucoup.* Oh no, I do not mean that!"

La Petite had started and then looked round plaintively at the curtain. She was more than beautiful. There was not a trace of paint on her face. And her little bow-shaped lips were just apart, like a child's, showing her even white teeth. "*Monsieur!*" said La Petite again, as if in perplexity. Even the baby wrinkles on her forehead were lovely.

Then voices were heard, the lessee's and a woman's. French was in the air. La Petite's white upper teeth closed on her lower lip and she drew her cloak about her. "*C'est Lucille,*" she whispered. "I must go!"

She went and thus it ended. Basil believed there were expressions of high abuse in the shrill rhodomontade which broke out the next moment. He did nothing but wipe his brow. The tumult under his waistcoat was most distressing. What could he do? He clenched his fist and listened to that virago-voice. And he knew, yes, he knew positively, just how that poor dear sweet La Petite was looking under it all. She had given him there, eye to eye, one certain glimpse of the troubled little soul she bore under her beautiful exterior. It was but a glimpse, when the lessee had pushed the curtain and exposed her to him. When he had hastened to mention her goodness, it had intensified, then vanished and the mere child-look (with just a trifle of interested inquisitiveness in it) had followed.

The virago-voice died away and the lessee reappeared, guffawing awkwardly, his large white silk handkerchief in his hand. "What a cat," said the lessee.

"What was the matter?" asked Basil faintly.

"Oh, nothing but green-eyed

jealousy, I suppose. Women are—But that's an old story. We know what they are towards each other, don't we? Why, she shook the little one as if it was a baby. She's eighteen, you know, though she doesn't look it. Now, Mr. Chillington, you will take something tonight?"

"No thanks, nothing. I must be off too. Er—do you mean to say you think they ill-use her?"

"They'd call it training perhaps," said the lessee, becoming the mere man of business again.

"Then it's a shame, an infer—yes, it's an *infernal* shame, and I—I wish to Heaven I could do anything to help her!" Basil's tongue ran away with him. He realised it and took up his hat. He shook hands with Mr. Dashworth, and walked all the five miles home to Brampton Hall with a bent head. If only he could do something! Such a face! And of course such a soul underlying it! Plato knew all about it. And he, Basil, had instincts which confirmed the wisdom of Plato.

He did not go to the music hall the next night. Weekmouth was already talking. A Mr. Best, one of the pillars of the local body of Friends, had heard and, very considerately, taken Basil to task that morning. "We are none of us so strong in ourselves, dear young Mr. Chillington," he said, "that we may dare to face temptations deliberately. You will forgive my saying so!"

Of course Basil forgave him. But he certainly did not propose to justify himself to Mr. Best or anyone else except his mother. And she need not know. "I should be glad if you said nothing about it to anyone, Mr. Best," he suggested. "It was just an—experience, and really I did not like it." That satisfied, even cheered

the old gentleman. He pressed Basil's palm between both his and rejoiced.

This was on the Friday. But throughout the Friday nevertheless, and even up to daybreak on Monday, Basil's heart remained disturbed. He saw *La Petite* in dreams twice. And he thought of her constantly, even during the Sunday's silent hour of spiritual meditation.

He began Monday morning however on a new level. Remembering suddenly, with more or less accuracy, a line of De Musset's, he said it to himself while he parted his hair in the middle—*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse!* And he went down to breakfast with shining eyes to kiss his mother and discuss his plans for going to town and reading law. One must do something at twenty-three, even if one has four thousand a year without landed responsibilities. And having kissed his mother and been unusually moved by the devotional course which ushered in the day (his mother read the Bible better than most clergymen), he began to open his letters. This was the first one he opened :

*Palace of Varieties,  
Weekmouth.*

DEAR MR. CHILLINGTON,

I think you will be sorry to hear what took place in my hall last night. You remember those French acrobats and *La Petite*? She had an accident at the second performance, and broke a leg, as well as internal injuries. We got her to the hospital and there she lies and the others have left her, as they have an engagement at Glasgow all next week. She will be well looked after of course, but I'm very much afraid she is in a bad way. I looked round myself this afternoon and they don't think well of her. Poor little thing! She looked so pretty in her white bed, lying so peaceful and still. She can't say much more in English than "Thank you!" She says that for the least thing, the nurse tells me. They're all in love with her.

Hoping to see you again soon at my little place,

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP DASHWORTH.

P.S. It would be very nice of you to go and see her and talk to her in her own language. At least I think so.—P. D.

Eggs and toast and coffee, with devilled kidneys as a special motherly recollection of his wild college appetites, were after this letter a truly painful ordeal. Basil was not accustomed to dissemble. He did dissemble however. He ate to deceive his mother—and wondered why he did not choke. And he laughed at his mother's gentle little witticisms as he had never laughed before. Even Friends have facetious moments. Mrs. Chillington drew attention to her Persian cat Esther and the parrot in its cage by the window. The parrot was new to the establishment; very new indeed to Esther. And Mrs. Chillington jested on the subject. But to Basil the parrot and the cat were like life itself, or the vignette of it which had in these last days been disclosed to him. The parrot's antics and speech were amusing, but the cat was ready for it, given the opportunity. Poor dear sad-eyed smiling *La Petite* was down, and the cruel world passed by on the other side. Doubtless there were other Petites to risk their sweet lives for bread, and satisfy this, ghoulish maw of the world's curiosity—but not for him.

Breakfast over, Basil sped hollow-eyed to his room. Of course he would go to the hospital. But the pain of it, even in forecast, cut his breath. And how his heart did beat under his waistcoat! *La Petite* was alone in Weekmouth. Not a friend to comfort her, neither mother, nor sister, nor—lover. Not a true friend, that is. Nurses, one knew, were bound to be tender and solicitous; but one

knew also that they carried the same phrases, deft-handedness and pillow-pats from one bed to another. Basil slipped out of the house like a culprit.

And then he glided back for a dictionary, a pocket English-French dictionary, and he was thankful indeed that his mother was in his way neither time. He remembered now that he was a patron of the Week-mouth Hospital. He had written a cheque for £50 last Christmas, and promised the same as an annual contribution. "They can't refuse to let me see her," he said to himself, on the strength of this benefaction.

Nevertheless, he found the preliminaries difficult. The hall porter said he would speak to the secretary, and spoke instead to the house surgeon, who came cheerily down the corridor at the moment. The house-surgeon was hardly any older than Basil himself and he scrutinised Basil rather oddly. "Who is it you want to see?" he asked.

Basil explained, clumsily; and didn't like the task. He did not know her name. And he blushed in a way that made the house-surgeon's eyes twinkle. "Oh, it's *that* poor girl, is it?" said the house-surgeon, stroking his chin. "They call her Saint Marie—the nurses, you know. She's sinking fast, poor little thing. Er—do you know her?"

"Yes, I have been introduced to her," said Basil, thickly. "Do you mean that there is no hope?"

"Not the very least in the world. But come along. She'll like to see you, I dare say, and no harm can be done. What name,—oh, I see, Chillington. All right, Mr. Chillington. Of Brampton Hall, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Basil. He was gripping that little dictionary as if he meant to pinch it through; boards, words and all.

The house-surgeon led the way. He was jaunty almost to the degree of offensiveness. But Basil quite believed he meant nothing by it. He ascribed it to hospital ways. Dying in a hospital was no more than cooking a chop in a restaurant. They ascended some stairs and met a nurse. The house-surgeon stopped her. "I say, Nurse Bountiful," he said, with a jocularity which this time made Basil grind his teeth, "this gentleman wishes to see your little Saint Marie. He's a friend." The nurse looked at Basil piercingly.

"Scarcely a friend, I'm—afraid," amended Basil; "but, as I said, I have been introduced to her, and I'm—I'm so sorry about it."

Nurse and doctor exchanged expressions and Basil went with the former now. A door opened and some twelve white beds were visible, mostly occupied. To Basil it was all very harassing. He went inside, hat in hand, blushing to the roots of his short flaxen hair; and instantly his eyes settled on La Petite, lying very white and very still. "Perhaps you can talk to her in her own language, sir?" suggested the nurse, fingering a screen. She carried the screen towards La Petite's bed and made a sort of recess with it. La Petite was nearest the wall. Thus she and Basil were isolated from the others.

"Oh," Basil stammered, "*je suis si fâché, si fâché.*"

She had looked at him at first as if she were frightened. Such pellucid beautiful blue-grey eyes! The child-mouth just parted too! But the fright, if fright it was, went from her, and the beginning of a smile took its place. "Bon jour, monsieur," she whispered.

And then what, oh what, must Basil do but go on his knees by that little white bed and clasp that small white hand which lay on the bed-

cover as if it were posed for a sculptor ; clasp it and kiss it ! La Petite's eyes said " *Monsieur !*" with the most beautiful amazement that was ever displayed in human eyes.

Basil was crying. His tears wetted La Petite's hand. And again La Petite's eyes said " *Monsieur !*"

" I can't help it," Basil whispered in a passion of distress and something more than distress. " *J—je vous aime, Petite, et seulement que une fois que je vous avais vu !*"

La Petite tried to withdraw her hand. She gazed and gazed at Basil, whose ingenuousness was plain even to her. And then she seemed to shiver from head to foot. Basil saw the palpitation under the bed clothes and saw her sweet little head jerk. " *Ah, monsieur,*" she gasped, " *je meurs.*"

Her head rose from the pillow, her little hand tightened on Basil's ; and there was such appealing simplicity in her pretty eyes that Basil could have cried aloud in his pain, which was so different from hers. He did not know how it happened, but it happened. La Petite must have attempted to sit up. She tried and could not ; his arm went to support her, and her little head fell upon his shoulder. And that was all.

And then the nurse known as Bountiful returned. " Ah, poor thing !" she said.

" She's better. She shall not die !" exclaimed Basil, forgetting where he was.

But the nurse gently took La Petite away from him and composed her in bed. " Hush !" she said first of all. And later, when Basil was staring through his tears and realising the truth of things, " See how she smiles, poor little Saint Marie. She has had a happy death."

\* \* \* \*

Basil had nothing more to do. He had paid his call and been in time. But he did one thing more. " May I kiss her, nurse ?" he asked timidly, white-faced like La Petite herself, and with unrestrained tears in his eyes.

Nurse Bountiful smiled. " Of course," she said. " It cannot hurt her—and you see how happy you have made her."

\* \* \* \*

There was still one thing more. But that came hours later. Basil remembered that there would have to be a funeral, and he returned to the hospital to beg that he might pay every penny of the cost. The authorities would have given their assent to a request of an even more exacting kind.

And this was all the help Fate permitted Basil Chillington to render to La Petite, the first love of his life.

## SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.<sup>1</sup>

THE nineteenth century will always be memorable in the history of British education. Our elementary system was for the first time organised under the control of the State ; secondary training, though not organised, was immensely improved in several kinds of schools ; the education of women was lifted to a wholly new level ; technical education was begun under the auspices of the county councils ; and finally, a most remarkable development took place in the resources for teaching of a university type.

This last change, indeed, is second in importance to none of those momentous changes which marked the Victorian age. Look back only a little more than seventy years, and consider what the situation was on the eve of the first Reform Bill. Oxford and Cambridge were then the only universities south of the Tweed ; and their position was far from satisfactory. The range of their studies was too narrow ; they had not been keeping pace with the advancement of knowledge. Their social operation also was much too limited ; it was practically confined to the wealthier classes, and to the members of one communion. They were out of touch with the nation as a whole ; and the discontent with which they were regarded found expression in many different quarters. In the second half of the century, however, all this was changed. By successive reforms the quality of their teaching

was improved and its range was greatly widened ; religious tests were abolished ; the doors of the universities were opened to large classes of the community against which they had formerly been closed. Oxford and Cambridge came to be in fact, and no longer in name only, national universities. But meanwhile a rapidly growing demand for higher education had gradually created a series of new institutions of various kinds. The earliest of these sprang from a sense of the fact that the benefits of the ancient universities were restricted to the few.

The metropolis was the first seat of such new foundations. University College, London, was established in 1828, and King's College in the following year. London University, as an examining board, received its first charter in 1836. The needs of the North of England also claimed attention. In 1833 a charter was granted to the University of Durham. Owens College, Manchester, arose in 1851. The period from 1870 to 1885 was marked by signal activity. A series of university colleges then came into existence, including those of Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Aberystwyth, Cardiff, and Bangor. Two such colleges, those of Nottingham and Sheffield, grew out of the University Extension movement, which has since produced also colleges of a special type at Reading, Exeter, and Colchester. The next great step was the formation of the federal universities. The colleges at Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds were federated in the Victoria Uni-

<sup>1</sup> The substance of this paper was delivered as an Address at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, on June 19th, 1903.

versity, to which a charter was given in 1880. The University of Wales received its charter in 1893. Since then some events have occurred which are of great importance for the future of our university education. The University of Birmingham has been founded. The University of London has been reconstituted as a teaching body. The federal Victoria University is to be dissolved. Liverpool has received a charter for a university of its own. There will be a University of Manchester; and Leeds is to be the seat of another. Thus in England and Wales we are to have at least nine universities. And it has recently been announced that there is a project for establishing a University of Sheffield.

With this growing multiplication of centres for training of the university type, it is clear that we have entered on a new period in the history of our higher education. New problems are presenting themselves, and old questions are recurring in new forms. The great fact which determines the character of the whole movement is the extraordinary development of local interest and energy in this direction. One of the first questions that occur at the present time is this:—What are the advantages or drawbacks of a federal university as compared with a city university, such as that of Birmingham? One advantage of the federal system is that which it bestows on colleges which might not be strong enough to stand alone as degree-giving bodies. By federation, by common action, each of them gains in breadth; the studies of each, leading up to degrees conferred by the university, gain in importance and become animated by a larger spirit. There is a further consideration, which applies with special force to an

area such as that of the Principality; namely, that a university which represents Wales enjoys the solid support of Welsh national sentiment. This is a source of strength which can hardly be overrated. As to the drawbacks of the federal system, one of them is that the federal control necessarily imposes certain limits on the freedom of teaching in the constituent colleges, especially, perhaps, on the Arts side. I am not aware that in Wales this has been felt much; I believe that the University of Wales has been very successful in combining a uniformly high standard with a reasonable freedom for the colleges in regard to their schemes of study. But the College at Liverpool, it is understood, felt somewhat trammeled by the federal system, and this was one of the reasons which prompted the desire for separation.

Then in a federal university there is always the geographical question. In the case of Wales it has been felt, I believe, as a real inconvenience that the meetings of joint boards involve long and frequent journeys, making considerable demand on the time of some professors. That difficulty is inherent in the system; I do not know whether, or how far, it could be mitigated by limiting the number of teachers affected by it. Turn now to the city university; has it any distinctive recommendation, as compared with the federal? Its chief advantage is, I suppose, the concentration of local patriotism. A citizen of Liverpool, for instance, will be apt to care more for a university of that city than he would care for a Liverpool College in a university which included Manchester and Leeds. This may be one of the reasons why a University of Birmingham was thought more expedient than a University of the Midlands. The local patriotism of our great provincial cities has in

these days a force and an intensity which can hardly be realised except by those who have lived in such a city. I know something of it from long experience at Glasgow. It is a force rooted in British character, in our institutions, our freedom, and our habits of local self-government. That each great city should have its own university, may or may not be educationally good; but the rivalry between such cities is a very powerful factor in the case. If Birmingham is to have a university of its own, that is, for Liverpool, a further reason why it should have one too; and if Leeds is to have one, Sheffield will hardly be content that its college should be affiliated, in a subordinate position, to its neighbour's institution.

The situation is characteristically English. The English people, as a whole, has till lately cared comparatively little about education; education, in all its grades, has been advanced mainly by voluntary agencies, or by individual enterprise; it has not been, as in Germany, organised from top to bottom by the State. And a very good thing too, many will say. Yes, good in certain respects; but it is a history which makes the situation very complex at a moment like the present, when the country is waking up to the fact that its place in world-competitions is jeopardised by its backwardness in education. The dissolution of the federal Victoria University, whether desirable or not, was inevitable from the moment that one great city had decided to apply for a separate charter; for, in such a matter, the will of a great city is practically irresistible. In referring to that event, it is impossible not to ask oneself whether it is fraught with any omen for the future of the University of Wales. One of its three colleges is seated in a great commercial town.

Suppose, for the sake of argument merely—I have no reason whatever to believe that the thing is probable—suppose that this great town should some day decide to have a university of its own. Then, I presume, one of two things would happen: Bangor and Aberystwyth would go on in federal union; or else Bangor would become the University of North Wales, and Aberystwyth would be left in a position analogous to that in which Leeds found itself when the dissolution was decreed,—or possibly in a position still more difficult.

In view of such possible contingencies, one question before all others would seem to require an answer. Are the drawbacks to the federal system outweighed by the fact that the existing university stands for all Wales, and has the undivided support of Welsh sentiment behind it? An onlooker who thinks as I do would reply unhesitatingly, Yes: the advantage outweighs the drawbacks. To represent Wales is not merely to represent a geographical area and a distinct nationality: it is to represent also a well marked type of national genius, characterised by certain intellectual bents, by certain literary aptitudes, by certain gifts of imagination and sympathy, specially manifested in the love of poetry and of music; a type of genius which is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of humane studies. A university which is the one academic expression of such a national genius holds a position of unique interest and of peculiar strength. It would be a great pity to break it up into two or three universities, no one of which could have the same prestige. If there were but two universities, one for North Wales and the other for South, the national sentiment would be divided, the strength which it gives would be impaired, and the

unavoidable competition, however generous, might possibly be prejudicial to the interests of Welsh education at large.

I revert to the new universities in the great English towns, such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. It is clear that they are destined to be universities of what is called the modern type,—that is, predominantly scientific, and devoting special attention to the needs of practical life, professional, industrial, and commercial. But I may say at once that, in my opinion, there is no fear that these new modern universities will not aim at a high standard of liberal education, whatever the *subjects* of it may be.

Those who doubt this hardly realise (I believe) how much English thought at the great centres of population has been moving in the last few years. Only a few years ago, no doubt, there was a decided prejudice among many men of business and employers of labour against a university training, as they understood it. But the cruder form of utilitarianism in this matter has lately been dying out,—thanks largely to certain object-lessons furnished by Germany. One of the best-known of these, which I merely mention in passing, is the case of the aniline dyes. These colours were first discovered in England, and produced from English coal-tar. British dyers are still the largest consumers; but the processes for producing the colours have been so developed in the laboratories of Berlin that the industry has passed almost wholly from England to Germany. There are other like cases.

Not long ago, at a meeting in London, I heard a speech by one of the highest authorities on technical education, Professor Ewing, who while holding the Chair of Applied Mechanics at Cambridge has so

greatly developed the work of the Engineering laboratory there, and who has lately been appointed Director of Naval Education. He urged that, in the interests of the technical industries themselves, the great need was for a training which should be more than technical,—which should be really scientific, giving a grasp of principles, educating the mind, stimulating the imagination, giving men some power of original initiative, and drawing out their inventive faculties. The leading men in the great cities, the merchants and the captains of industry, are probably becoming more and more alive to the fact that a mind which has been disciplined by a liberal training is more efficient for practical affairs and technical pursuits. We may expect to find such men supporting the effort to maintain a high standard in the new local universities. To do so is indeed the only way to secure an adequate return for the very large sums which will be spent on equipment. The Council of Birmingham University proposes to spend a quarter of a million on buildings for certain technical branches of study, chiefly Engineering, Mining, and Metallurgy; and the fittings will cost large additional sums. That is a special development on a scale with which the older universities cannot compete; and those who provide these funds will doubtless take care that the scientific training is the best that can be given. But in all our universities, old and new, there is now a disposition to enlarge the range of study by including subjects which have some definite bearing on practical life, if, and so far as, they can be made instruments of a really liberal training. I may take two examples from the English university which I know best. At Cambridge

it has just been decided to establish a school of honours in Economics. Before this was done, it was carefully discussed whether the subject was, or was not, large enough and educational enough to have such a school all to itself.

I will venture to quote part of the answer to that question given by one of the foremost advocates of the proposal. "Economics," said Professor Foxwell, "is intimately related to Ethics, Politics, Law, History, and even to Philosophy . . . . Economics, when adequately treated, must include a reference to almost all the aspects of the citizen's life. . . . With this width of range, too, it combines more than the usual variety of mental disciplines. Modern economic analysis, which has to deal with very complicated relations of cause and effect, requires a considerable grasp of exact methods. . . . The observation, the judgement, the imagination, and the sympathies are all strengthened and trained by the various forms of economic inquiry; and from the educational point of view, at least, the study cannot fairly be called narrow." There, then, is a subject well-suited for study at the great centres of commerce and industry. I will take one other example from a different field. Honours at Cambridge will henceforth be obtainable by three years' study of the Chinese language, coupled with some knowledge of the general history of the Far East. That, again, is an instance in which a legitimate subject of the highest study has also a practical bearing, in view of the international situation with regard to the trade of China. A thorough study of the modern languages of Europe is another subject which ought to flourish in the new city universities. We may well augur for them a prosperous and most useful career.

There are, however, two dangers to which it seems possible that they may be exposed. One is this: that, where the course for a university degree combines some branches of science with certain technical studies, the pressure of local demands may be exerted in favour of laying the chief stress on the technical attainments, and relaxing the requirements in regard to science. But it is reasonable to suppose that if in such a case the university authorities stand firm, they will be supported by the best local opinion. The Birmingham school of brewing seems to be a good example of the manner in which an academic course of this composite nature, partly scientific and partly technical, can be planned. The student is to spend two years on Physics, Chemistry, Biology and kindred subjects before he goes on to his two years of technical work in the brewing department. He is to study the testing of material, and all the processes involved, from a strictly scientific point of view. It is not likely that, in such a school, the scientific training, which is its very essence, would ever be unduly subordinated to the technical. There may be other instances in which such a danger would be greater; but, if so, we may hope that it will be avoided. The other danger of which I was thinking is that the scientific side of education in the new city universities may sometimes too decidedly overpower the literary side. The experience of university extension has shown that it is not always easy to preserve a just balance. The cause of this is not so much any want of literary interest among the abler students, but rather the pressure of time and practical needs. All the newer universities have, or will have, first-rate teachers of literary subjects. There will be no lack of zeal, as a rule,

among the students,—of that we may be sure ; but it is to be feared that the main current of things will be rather adverse. Yet it is of vital moment for all our higher education that the literary studies should hold their own.

Hitherto I have been referring to the universities in cities of the first rank, such as Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham. But an essentially different question arises when we come to towns which, though very large (with populations of 200,000 or more), are not in the same class with those just mentioned. If things go on as they are going at present, more than one such town will soon insist on having a university of its own. It will be a town which has a university college, strong, probably, in certain scientific and technical subjects, but weak, possibly, in some other subjects which nevertheless are indispensable for a university. The local wealth may be relied upon to support the highest study of any subjects which bear on the local industries, but will be comparatively apathetic towards others which the local man regards as ornamental. What is the State to do in such a case ? Is it to grant the charter for a university, and hope for the best ? Or is it to refuse, at the risk of damping local generosity towards studies which are valuable in themselves ?

It is a case of this nature which justifies some real anxiety as to the new tendency towards multiplying universities. Now there is at least one consideration which may, I think, be suggested as helping to indicate a line between the cases in which a charter should, and should not, be granted. It would be generally allowed that a faculty of Arts is one essential element of a university. Would it not be fair and wise to say

that, before a charter is given for a new university, evidence should be forthcoming to show that such a university could provide a reasonably strong faculty of Arts, in addition to its provision for the teaching of scientific and technical subjects ? If this condition were not satisfied, the new degree-giving institution would be in fact only a college of science, or a technical college, and not in any proper sense a university. In such cases, the true solution would be found, I believe, by taking a hint from Germany. In Germany, as we know, the results of the highest education are systematically brought to bear on all the greater industries of the country. But this highest education is not given only in completely equipped universities, which confer degrees. It is largely given in the institutions known as Technical High Schools, to which we have nothing properly corresponding. In these technical high schools teaching of a university type is given by professors of university rank in such subjects as Architecture, various branches of Engineering, Chemistry, and general Technical Science. There are now, I think, some ten or eleven of these institutions in Germany. At the great Technical High School of Berlin every new invention of any importance is promptly made the subject of practical study. There is more than one, perhaps, of our large towns of the second rank which would be an admirable seat for a technical high school of this elevated order ; whereas the same town, if it insisted on having a university, might find it an arduous and uncongenial task to equip a faculty of Arts.

The multiplication of universities need not, in itself, cause uneasiness, provided that each new university is thoroughly well equipped, is a true university, and is really needed for

the service of an adequately large population. If these conditions are fulfilled, there is an evident gain in additions to the number of centres from which the highest education is vigorously and efficiently propagated. The real disaster would be if we came to have one or more distinctly weak universities,—institutions which could perform only some small part or parts of the function which that name implies. The mischief would be that such a body, having the power to give degrees, would tend to depreciate the value of that guarantee. This would be one of the gravest educational evils that could befall the country; it is one from which we have hitherto been exempt.

Another matter which is suggested by the new developments is the influence of students upon each other, considered as an element in university education. In the case of Oxford and Cambridge, this is a distinctive feature,—perhaps one might almost say, the capital distinction. Residence for three or four years amidst the influences of the university and the colleges leaves an impress on the mind and character which is never effaced. There are many men who, in looking back, would say that no other part of their education had gone deeper than this; and they could say so without any disparagement of their debt to wise guides and eminent teachers, without insensitivity to the formative power of their *Alma Mater*, without ingratitude for the various lessons which she had inculcated. Of course, the value of these youthful associations must depend in some measure on a man's choice of companions and on the qualities of the set in which he lives at the university. But to those who are fortunate in such respects the benefits are altogether inestimable: they cannot be analysed or measured.

In a retrospect of those days, many a man will reflect with thankfulness on all else that was done for him there, but the inmost places of his memory, its *sedes secretae piorum*, will be peopled by recollections of hours passed in that intimate society of contemporaries, in walks and talks lit up by an interchange of thought and feeling, by confidences, by discussions, by the avowal of dawning aspirations, by the asking and giving of counsel, such as are possible only in a concurrence of five conditions which can never meet again,—namely, youth,—intellectual interest in its first freshness,—close ties of friendship,—leisure,—and such a *genius loci* as haunts those ancient homes of study and of peace. Everyone who appreciates the immense value of this element at the older universities must be anxious for its presence in the newer seats of learning.

The Bangor College shares with at least one of its sisters the twofold advantage of seclusion from turmoil and of surroundings at once beautiful and invigorating. All this is propitious to the social side of academic life. In the new universities of the great cities the intercourse of students will be attended by greater difficulties, because many or most of them will have less leisure, and their residences will be spread over a wide area. Clubs, similar to the Unions at Oxford and Cambridge, will doubtless be created where they do not already exist. The value of such students' clubs in great cities consists very much in the increase of opportunities for friendship. We may be sure that the administrators of the new universities will further such objects, and will be fully alive to their educational significance.

The new local authorities for education will have to see that, so far as

possible, the several grades of training shall be continuous, and that, for promising pupils, there shall be access from the lower to the higher. It was the good fortune of Wales that her system of secondary schools had been organised, under the Intermediate Education Act of 1889, before her university entered upon its active career. That was an initial advantage for the university. In England the present situation is somewhat different. Secondary education has not yet been fully organised; to effect that is the duty of the new authorities: and at the same time new seats of university education are coming into existence, with which the secondary schools of each area, or many of them, will have to be brought into touch by the action of those same local authorities. Thus the work which lies before the education committees, especially in the great cities, is very large and complex.

At such a time it is well to know as clearly as may be what we understand by *university education*. Does it mean merely the highest grade of teaching,—higher, that is, than such as is given by the most advanced secondary schools of the country? Or does the phrase connote certain qualities of the education, over and above the fact that it is of the highest grade? The word *universitas* was a general term for a corporation or guild: then it was specially applied to a body of students, voluntarily associated in the pursuit of knowledge, who, by becoming a corporation, acquired certain immunities and privileges which, in medieval times, were advantageous or necessary for their security. Such a *universitas* of students has always had two features; first, that several different branches of higher study have been represented in it; secondly, that the members

have received oral instruction from appointed teachers. From these two features the distinctive character of university education has been developed. It matters not where a university is seated, or in what subjects its special strength may reside; if it is adequately equipped and organised, if it is doing the proper work of a university, it will tend to produce certain effects—I say, *will tend*, because, like other human institutions, universities have their proportion of failures.

What are those effects? Well, it is not difficult to indicate some, at least, of them. University teaching aims at a general discipline of the mind, besides giving a grasp of at least one special branch of knowledge. Hence it tends to instil an intelligent respect for all studies; it helps students of science, for instance, and students of letters to understand each others' aims. The spirit of university teaching is tolerant and sympathetic: the specialist acquires some sense of the manifold relations in which his own subject stands to others; he is led to perceive the largeness of knowledge and of life. Again, the university is equalising: external advantages confer no privilege: the absence of them is no reproach. It is also chastening; for it exacts from the student that he shall think out things for himself: the true teacher is no crammer; he gives materials, opportunities, and impulse. This impulse is given, not as a book may give it, but by personal contact, by the living voice, through which facts and thoughts are presented with a new force. The best university teaching is not in bondage to the letter, but is spiritual and suggestive: it tends to nourish and sustain ideals. Let the dwellers and workers in great

cities, especially, remember this: in all studies the university seeks to impart some glimpse of the ideal: and, as has well been said, "the vision of the ideal guards monotony of work from becoming monotony of life." Mr. Gladstone expressed this truth in another way when, in a striking address at Oxford, he described the university as seeking "to secure that the man shall ever be greater than his work, and never bounded by it, but that his eye shall boldly run (in the language of Wordsworth) 'Along the line of limitless desires.'"

If these are some of the things which a university seeks to do, then it may be said that there never was a time when true university education was more needful than it is in our day and in our country. High specialisation in every field of knowledge and of work tends to limit the horizon of thorough study: on the other hand, the hurry of the age, the crowd of subjects brought under notice by the press, the social demand for acquaintance with the topics of the hour, encourage reading of a miscellaneous and very superficial kind. Both these tendencies are adverse to breadth and sobriety of judgement. Then it is a trait of the time to measure success by material standards, and to brush aside, as weak and unbusinesslike, any suspicion that an engrossing pursuit of such success may involve the loss of things better than the prize. So far as the true spirit of university education can make itself felt, it is a corrective of such tendencies.

The insistent demand, from large sections of the public, for immediate utility in our highest education can be met, more or less, by many subjects which have now been brought within the academic purview. There are, however, other subjects of which

the utility is not in the same sense direct, but consists in their value as a discipline, intellectual and moral. Among these are the works of the ancient Greek genius, with all their claims on the student of thought, of political society, of literature, and of art; the Roman evolution of institutions and of law; the studies of modern history and philosophy. These can impart humanity and breadth, train the moral judgement, sharpen the critical faculty, refine the appreciation of literary form, educate a sense of measure, enrich the imagination, open that perspective of knowledge without which there is apt to be a narrowing of the mental vision, render all life more suggestive and more significant. No university is complete, no university fulfils the true idea of such an institution, which does not keep an honoured place for such studies as these. When it is said that there is no time for them now-a-days, the question arises,—what, even from a strictly practical point of view, is the best educational investment of time? As to the study of Greek, which figures so much in the foreground of the controversy, one remark may be made in passing. The experience of women who have been distinguished in that subject goes far to show that the study of Greek might be begun at a somewhat later age than has been usual in schools, without risk of inferior results. And one other thing may be said, which applies to the school-study of the classics generally. Every effort should be made to awaken the pupil's literary interest from the outset, even at the cost of postponing the closer study of grammar. Many young people would quickly feel the charm and stimulating freshness of the great literatures, who now are apt to lose heart in the vestibule of accidence and syntax.

But whatever may be done in this or other particulars, we must hope that nothing will be allowed to lower or to obscure in this country the true ideal of a university training. Let every due regard be paid to the requirements of active life at the present day. But let it also be remembered that there is a national

need even more urgent than the preparation of special aptitudes. It is the need for a wider diffusion of such a liberal education as shall train the intelligence, give elasticity to the faculties of the mind, humanise the character, and form, not merely an expert, but an efficient man.

R. C. JEBB

#### THE VISIONARY.

A SUBTLE gleam he carries at his breast,  
Some deep delivery of light that shows  
Long vistas where the dreaming hills unclose,  
And at the end bright seas no keel has prest.

His the glad song Saint Francis loved the best ;  
And with a poet's cunning well he knows  
Where best to find the wind behind the rose,  
And all the loves that minister to rest.

No mark or favour on his brow be found ;  
No edge of grandeur through his words shall slip ;  
With eyes cast down upon th' indifferent ground,  
And tender movements dying on his lip,  
He takes the long wind's uttermost far sound,  
And finds in earth an endless fellowship.

D. A. L.

## THE VERDICT OF THE PAST.

"We are *ennuyés* from excess of epigrams," said the pensive Poet, gazing mournfully from the window of his club reading-room. Without, the wayfarers passed and re-passed with frost-bitten noses and dripping umbrellas ; it was a London morning in the midst of May. The volume in his delicately-veined hand was a collection of the intellectual dainties in question by his most caustic critic, who nevertheless (in print, for he was personally unknown to him) posed as his admirer and candid friend. The Poet, though hating puns even worse than epigrams, played lightly with the hackneyed phrase. "Candid but not sugared," he mused bitterly. "In truth, we could better brook the redundant flatterer, the jerry-builder of current reputations who lays on with a trowel, than these covert enemies who damn us with affected praise."

"It is the fault of the Age," remarked his companion, the Realist, noting the globular pellets of rain as they made misty splashes on the wet pavement. He had in view an effect for his next Academy picture, *THE SUBMERGED TENTH*.

"Ah, the *Zeitgeist* has much to answer for," agreed the Poet sadly.

The two young men gazed in silence at the doleful panorama. The painter wondered daringly whether an orbicular pendant of shining water at the nose-tip of his Aged Mendicant (in the aforesaid picture) would or would not transcend the chaste limits of Art ; the reality he observed was a salient and expressive feature of these humid street scenes. But he thought shud-

deringly of the same concealed foe, whose scathing words, "Our puny limners, missing greatness, fall tooth and nail on the minute, and would rather paint pin-points than a galaxy of Gods," could only refer to him. The Poet chewed the cud of resentment, and re-read for the tenth time (from the anonymous volume in his hand) the epigrammatist's sneering taunt : "Our little unchartered laureates still play with the old hornbooks of rhyme, and tinkle outworn cymbals in our jaded ears. A figo for these mimics, who, too weak for the organ notes of the ancients, chirrup nimbly on penny pipes." That meant his *SONNETS OF PRIME* or nothing ; for his less candid friends had condoled with him, although to them also the author of *LATTER-DAY JUDGEMENTS* was unknown in the flesh.

Like conditions beget like thoughts. The downward swish of the rain, and the melancholy procession of water-soaked humanity, omnibuses, carts, and cabs,—with occasional motor-cars whose fumes penetrated even the sealed recesses of the club—acted automatically on their systems, and each proffered the other an expensive cigarette. They inhaled the common consolation for some moments in silence. "Perhaps we misjudge the Age?" ventured the Realist, his sensitive organism responding to the narcotic.

"It may be so," assented the Poet, yielding to the same influence.

"I have just sold my *MIDNIGHT* (you remember it, an effect merely) for . . . for several pounds," the painter went on dreamily.

The Poet on his part recalled the irrelevant fact that the American copyright of his last work in prose, *MATRIMONIAL ESSAYS*, the mere trifles of his unrhyming hours (though, disgusting to relate, more profitable financially than his hill-top productions), had gone for a like definite sum. But this was admitting the personal equation into cosmic affairs. "I wish," he exclaimed, springing to his feet with sudden energy, "I wish that we might have the unbiassed judgement of Time on ourselves and our work, on our civilisation in brief. An opinion extra local, extra contemporary, if I may so say! We do not boast of the Twentieth Century as we once did of the Nineteenth, but as you remark it may really be great even now. These incondite critics of our labours,—your own and mine, for we have both felt the lash of irresponsible spite—may be merely those perennial pests of Genius, the blind bats and deaf adders that abound in every age of creative force, impervious alike to its spirit and form."

The painter gazed at him with admiration, noting the fine gesture of his right arm for professional ends. But the idea seized strongly upon him. How desirable were such a pronouncement if it might be compassed by any means! His thoughts wandered over the different agencies, including the Psychical Society, which the metropolitan area places at the disposal of enquirers after truth. The artistic mind, though far from credulous, is not bound by the hard limitations which hamper the merely scientific intellect, hence the wider range of its vision. "I think it might be managed," he said, with happy inspiration.

"How!" demanded the Poet incredulously.

"Planchette!" answered the Realist.

To seek wisdom from the unseen by the triangular instrument in question seems a fond thing vainly invented, and communications from the sages of the past by that and similar means have not tended to enhance the reputations they once enjoyed. Indeed, the bathos into which the loftiest minds of earth seem to sink, even in the items of grammar and pronunciation, on their entrance upon the future state, opens an appalling prospect before average mediocrity, and should give us pause on its brink, if pause were possible. But the human heart is endlessly hopeful in this as in other things; and (education, position, natural force of mind, and other safeguards being no effectual bar) well-dressed mortals still assemble in darkened rooms to await the outpourings of disembodied souls. Therefore it was no anomaly that the Poet and the Realist should ere long be seated in a spacious, not too brightly illuminated apartment, with the useful machinery before them. A third person known as the Psychologist,—a grave man, bearded and spectacled—lent the aid of his mediumistic powers by lightly touching with his extended forefinger the pencil-armed plate that was to record whatever messages might come. The two enquirers also placed each a digit on the instrument, the Psychologist explaining that his own psychic force was merely meant to supplement theirs.

"Let us invoke the criticism of the Past," cried the Poet buoyantly, with a strange light in his eyes. "Afterwards we can seek counsel of the Future."

"I am agreed," said the Realist, knowing the importance of concord in such undertakings.

"The Past is always safest," commented the member of the Psychical Society with an appearance of knowledge.

"But how shall we be certain that the Contemporary Critic, malignant, jaundiced, and spiteful as he ever is, is not in the air to taint the verdict of antiquity?" The Poet asked this with some concern, for his exquisitely delicate cuticle still smarted from the epigrammatist's scourge.

"I'll swear he isn't," answered the Psychologist positively, as if the state of the atmosphere were his particular business. He was a member also of their own club, a quiet man of philosophical habit, understood to be wholly occupied with the study of occult phenomena at private seances, thought-reading parties, and like exuberant gatherings. He now explained that the caustic scribe referred to sat in a chair and smoked, just as he did himself, and that his influence was limited to pens and ink, typewriters, and secret verbal detraction. "He couldn't dematerialise himself if he wanted to, any more than I could," he asserted with emphasis.

"Shall we then enquire respecting the Empire?" proposed the reassured Poet. "It is part of the Age, an integral part if I may so speak, and a conveniently inclusive term."

"Rather too inclusive, I fear," said the Psychologist; "but we can try. I suppose you are agreed on the subject?"

The younger men bowed their assent. Equally high-strung, nervous, and imaginative, they waited in expectant silence. The darkened room seemed to their strained senses to grow loftier and vaster, its dim walls taking the quality of impalpable curtains between them and the eternal immensities. At length, as the tension became almost painful, the plate under their fingers moved slightly with a gentle creak. "I thought there'd be some of them about tonight," said the medium, as if they were bats or prowling animals.

Slowly and falteringly the pencil crawled over the virgin sheet, tracing archaic but legible characters, which presently spelled the opening words of a sentence: "To speake now of the true temper of empire, it is a thing rare and harde to keepe; for both temper and distemper consist of contraries," it wrote and then stopped. "Bacon, by George!" exclaimed the Psychologist softly. "But you won't get much out of him—I know the old skinflint's ways as you'll see." The pencil then resumed its course, scrawling at first but soon forming words: "The sheepe and cattle you sent must have lost the roade, for I saw them not in my field," was the complaint. The medium laughed gently: "Always the same old dodge, bribery and corruption!" he exclaimed. "It's just that way if you ask him if he wrote Shakespeare: he only palavers about the golden cups, basins, and sugar-tongs that he didn't get—pure force of habit no doubt."

But as he spoke the pencil started again with a swifter, more decisive movement. "An Empire?" wrote the new oracle in a strange bold hand; "Why, it is the whole world! I hear tell that the sunn setteth not on its borders in his whole daily course. And it embraceth all manner of heathen people, of the Indes, Ethiopia and America. All this is truly wonderful, almost passing imagination; yet it is not the Empire that we fought and travailed for in the days of great Gloriana, our Virgin Queen,—the England wherein no man, not even a Papist, called himself other than an Englishman. For I hear that in many parts of it over sea the people who sprang from our own bowels and who yet speake our language have thrown the name aside as if it were a reproach; yea, that in the American Plantations that we established it is now a hissing and a

by-word. Moreover Jews, Infidels, and Sectaries, and even the outlaw Irish that we drove into the fens and bogs of their Island, now sit in your Parliament to make laws. Now your lord-keeper is a Scot; and your King has gone on pilgrimage to Rome, unto the Pope that we held to be Anti-christ! Truly we foresaw not these things when we made perilous voyages, and bearded the Spaniard in his own waters, for the establishment of good religion and the enlargement of our Queen's dominions."

"Sir Walter Raleigh," said the Psychologist in a low voice, as the pencil ceased to write; "he's always harping in that strain. But you'd better get down to particulars now, the Empire's rather a mouth-filling subject and liable to make them long-winded."

The Poet and the Realist gazed at each other with awe-struck looks. There were evidently more things in heaven and earth than they, imaginative as they were, had yet dreamed of. Each tremulously shaped his lips to the art he most diligently practised; but as neither seemed inclined to take his turn, the Psychologist intervened. "Suppose you try war?" he suggested. "It's just now on the carpet, and they've probably been discussing it."

"Yes," said the Poet, waiving his pet theme for the present. "Let us have the judgement of the old commanders on our arms and their achievements."

The subject certainly appeared to have been under recent discussion in the spirit world, for the pencil began to move at once. Its progress was slow, steady, and in a manner dignified; the message being written in easy school Latin, which, both the inquirers having been trained in our famous institutions of secondary education, they could read without a crib.

"You call yourselves Romans in war," said the message in effect; "but when I conquered your island I was my own scribe, and wrote but the words, *veni, vidi, vici!* while you send cohorts of historians to proclaim your ineptitude and defeats. I came, saw, and conquered. Your legions in that war with the superstitious barbarians of the South could not come to them because their chariots were the swifter. They could not see them because their eyes were dim from the smoke of your cities, and moreover were obscured with pieces of crystal worn for vain ornament. And when by chance they fell in with them they were forced to yield and pass under the yoke, like those two miserable consuls, Veturius and Postumius, at the Caudine Forks. I thank the Gods that ignominy came not in my time! And you call yours an Empire! Jupiter-Ammon! had I your engines of flame and thunder, and your ships of iron, I would bring the whole world, that we now see is but a paltry sphere of earth and water, under my tribute and rule."

The pencil stopped abruptly. "Brutus has choked him off, he's always suppressing him," the medium whispered. The two younger men had grown pale, partly from memories of school discipline, partly from the august proximity. Both, however, were patriots, and they flushed angrily at the close of the speech, written though it was.

"Jealousy and rancour evidently pervade the unseen world as well as our own," said the Poet, trying to calm his indignant feelings.

"Don't be too hard on them," urged the Psychologist. "They're a little bit envious of our modern inventions, as we should probably be ourselves if we were in their place."

But the pencil again interrupted him, this time moving across the paper

in an excited jerky manner, and writing fragments of sentences in Greek and Latin, French, German, and English. "They're thick as bees, and all of 'em fighting to get a show," the medium chuckled with enjoyment. One of the least broken messages was in Greek : "Oh that I possessed a fleet of your fire-driven bladders of gas that swim through the air ; then indeed would I find new worlds to conquer,—that Ares that the Romans called Mars, who still affronts us with his warlike beams. Oh Thais, Thais!" "Alexander, of course," said the medium sympathetically ; "these motor-balloons drive him fairly silly. He's always wanting to annex the solar system—poor chap, he can't get it through his head that balloons won't navigate space." Other rapid but disjointed communications followed, from Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Napoleon, and later warriors. The laconic jibe, "In-sufferable talkers !" they put down to Moltke ; and certain highly cursory remarks from Wellington left no doubt as to his opinion of modern British Arms. "We'd better change the subject or there'll be a free fight among the Gods," advised the medium, whose nervous system was already suffering from the strain ; and they withdrew their hands from the over-heated instrument.

"Envy, hatred, and malice seem inseparable from the action of minds, even those of the Immortals," sighed the Poet ; but disillusioned and astonished though he was he resolved to pursue their momentous enquiry. Never before, he believed, had so distinguished a company of untrammelled intelligences consented to favour mankind with their views.

War, however, had proved as dangerous a topic as empire, so it were best to try more pacific lines. "Politics are rather slow just now," sug-

gested their companion, "and I dare say won't heat the wires." It should be mentioned that the spiritual currents had flowed chiefly through his own system, no doubt preferring familiar to untried channels.

That he was right as to the non-heating character of the suggested theme seemed at once evident ; for if Planchette could be thought of as deliberately yawning it did so on the present occasion. At length,—apparently after stretching itself—it languidly wrote a sentence : "No war, no politics, no parties ; there never was in the memory of Englishmen so inanimate an age." "That's Horace Walpole," said the Psychologist promptly ; "I was pretty sure he'd be about, and I dare say more will come now." But they did not record their impressions for some time ; and when the plate again moved it wrote in a singular short-hand which only the medium, who had encountered it before, was able to read. "The dullest insipid time I ever knew," it said. "The King minds his pleasures and takes his journeys : no great public business to do ; the House sitting long upon an infinity of small matters ; though some of them, God knows, are like to grow big enough. I mean these Acts for bettering the Port of London below the Bridge, and for paying the Irish for the lands we took from them. But, Lord ! to think that the merchants of London should ever grow so stupid as to let their Port decay, when in my time all they desired was to keep the Thames free and open for their trading. And this Irish business may end in our paying four times the worth of their whole island, though some there will not now receive the King civilly when he comes to them. Then methinks this new way with drunken people, to put their names and pictures in

public books, is a silly piece of foolery and like to cost a great deal, besides a scandal to gentlemen who may chance to be overtaken out of their own houses. And God knows, too, what we shall do for craftsmen and servants if they send the lower sort to schools to be made philosophers and poets instead of learning their trades!" All recognised the vivacious diarist of the Restoration, and the medium laughed softly: "But he won't stick to politics long, see if he does," he whispered. This was true; for, after a confused reference to "the taxes on our goods in the Plantations abroad"—a subject that he plainly did not understand—he passed to other fields of observation. "To the play-houses," the pencil ran on glibly, "to see the new plays. But, Lord! to see what rogueish pieces they have now, with women almost bare on the stage, which I never knew in my time; yet none seemed put out of countenance. And strange, too, to see how many bold rogueish books are now writ, and read even by young maids; but I hear less are sold now than formerly, they are so like one another people will not buy them however the booksellers cry them up." After this no other statesman of the past deigned to commit himself at any length, and the pencil soon ceased to write.

The dread propinquity of unbodied spirits, still retaining their former passions and prejudices, was too awful even to allow feelings of resentment at the diarist's perverted view of their Monarch's travels of State. Both the Poet and the Realist were trembling slightly and casting nervous glances about the room, the ceiling of which seemed now to have grown to the height of St. Paul's dome. The discursive plate remained untouched for some moments, each fearing to suggest another theme for

its exercise. At last the painter broke silence: "Let's ask it what they think of our upper-class swells from an artistic point of view," he proposed. "Madam Blatterwitz, the society novelist, declares they're the most naively picturesque sinners in all history."

"Yes," assented his friend somewhat bitterly; "let us enquire concerning our persons of Blood and Fashion. Perhaps, if we are not great in wisdom we may be great in folly, or at least unique, which is something."

On this new subject the opening messages were in ancient Hebrew and Patristic Latin and Greek, and, the Psychologist assured them, of a highly denunciatory nature. It was not until the last of the more severe moralists had recorded himself that the lighter spirits ventured to approach, their first inscription being a tart and uncomplimentary epigram by Horace. A number of ancient Roman and comparatively recent French connoisseurs then expressed brief but contemptuous judgements on the spectacular value of modern vice. The Romans sneered at its timid and puny qualities as compared with their own Titanic orgies, and the refined critics of later Gaul laughed at its want of colour and perspective—it was undraped, brutal, bourgeois. English criticism began with the wits of the Restoration, but was equally unfavourable, though for different reasons. The dramatists asserted that it had no original features whatever, and was merely the vice of their own age writ small. But later observers admitted certain novel and remarkable developments. "Lud!" exclaimed one unknown but clearly astonished spirit: "to think that the world should come to this pass! Duelling quite gone out, and gentlemen of breeding and quality arrang-

ing their amours at the Law Courts along with costermongers and tradesmen! In my time, egad, they were matters for the rapier and pistol, the prerogatives of men of fashion, for we left law to parsons and old women. And the talk it makes now if a young spark runs through his fortune in a year or two. 'Sblood! I've known many a boy just out of school lose a whole estate over night at cards and blow his brains out in the morning, and not a word said!' "One of the old beaux, Brummell or Nash possibly," remarked the medium with a low chuckle. Then followed a stream of uniformly adverse judgements by different minds upon most contemporary things, from religion to infants' feeding-bottles, and from company-promoting to woman's dress, the latter theme affording mirth even in the world of shades.

The two enquirers rose to their feet in disgust. It was plain that a conspiracy existed among the departed to belittle the age in every respect. "Marmaduke," said the Poet solemnly, "just criticism is not to be had even from sublimated souls."

"I see it isn't," agreed the Realist, rather weakly.

"Well, but you've given them irritating subjects," the Psychologist urged in their defence. "Try something pacific and soothing, agriculture or sheep-raising for instance, and you'll find them fair enough."

"We seek illumination upon our respective Arts," replied the Poet loftily, still having his pet grievance in mind; "and from spheres beyond the influence of viperous epigrammatists who poison our blood with anonymous stings!" He was a little unstrung and rhetorical.

At his vivid epithet the Psychologist, as he could not help observing, winced in a pronounced manner; and the movement filled him with a vague

undefined fear. Why it should do so he could not tell; for, when he reflected, what possible sympathy could a member of the Psychical Society have for a manufacturer of the poisonous darts to which he had referred? It was unaccountable and disturbing, and set up trains of uncomfortable thought which nothing but his resolve to come at once to the main object of their enquiry (namely, the judgement of past ages upon the polite arts of to-day, and incidentally on his own and his friend's productions) enabled him to put aside, and then not so completely as his peace of mind demanded. It ought to be said that the Psychologist was not a regular medium, his remarkable powers having been acquired from contact with professionals in the course of his psychical investigations. He only dropped into the character as a friend, and to-night had taxed himself so severely that when the younger men suggested further commerce with the unseen he demurred almost to the point of refusal, especially as they now proposed literature and art. "The most risky subjects you could possibly have hit on," he objected, "and nearly certain to set them by the ears."

The Poet, however, explained that his own particular field was all he had in view, and that poets were superior to the baser passions wher-ever found, the painter asserting the same truth of his brethren of the brush. Upon this, though plainly fagged and in a bad temper, the medium consented to a second sitting, warning them, however, not to expect smooth speeches. "Let it be *modern* poetry," desired the Poet with rising colour, as the trio reseated themselves.

"And *modern* realism," added the painter, blushing more deeply still.

If the two artists (using the term in its wider sense) had formerly

trembled, they now fairly shook with excitement. The possibility of direct criticism upon their special lines of effort by the mightiest minds of old was a thought so tremendous as to be almost paralysing ; but the Poet, still haunted by their companion's strange behaviour, felt added apprehensions. What if the medium were in subtle sympathy with their persecutor, and had by occult means permitted him to tinge the messages they had just received ? And what if the same malign influence were to affect those to come ? But Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, with the other Gods of the empyrean, were surely above the range of telepathic interference.

His suspicions, however, seemed directly confirmed by the outflow which at last rewarded their patience ; for its tenor gave the lie to his late piously expressed belief. The recording pencil dashed down what looked like incoherent curses upon all modern poets and artists, and although this might have been due to the spirits' irritation at the conduct of their medium (who was now mopping his face in an exhausted manner and moving the plate viciously with three of his fingers), its later inscriptions left no doubt as to their true author. They were *epigrams*, bad but unmistakable ! Nay worse, they were palpable excerpts from the fatal volume which had so wounded their own sensibilities—they recognised the phrases, "unchartered laureates" and "puny limners," with others equally familiar. But this strong evidence that the Contemporary Critic had been all along tampering with the

spiritual wires led at once to a darker doubt. *What if the Psychologist himself were really the Epigrammatist?* The Poet recalled his odd assertion that the anonymous scribe sat in a chair and smoked, with other incriminating facts : "Sir," he asked sternly, withdrawing his hand from the plate and leaning back in his own chair, "have you ever written epigrams, the English kind I mean ?"

"Lots of them," answered the medium with calm effrontery : "I thought I said so. Yes, I always do it when I'm bored—it relieves my mind." He went on to say that there was no reason why he should not ; there was no law against it that he ever heard of, and it amused him. He even gave them a few extemporary specimens in proof of his facility.

"Marmaduke, we are betrayed !" exclaimed the Poet, rising to his feet in white indignation.

"Vivian, we are undone !" echoed the Realist, following his example.

"Underdone I should say," remarked the Psychologist genially, as he rose and placed himself with his back to the glowing mid-May fire. "But I think you have had what you wanted," he went on, filling his ninth pipe with an air of gentle melancholy. "You wished for the unbiased verdict of Time on the Age and its achievements ; and I flatter myself that, with the aid of Planchette and a fair university education, I have given you at least that of the past with tolerable accuracy."

A. G. HYDE.

## THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

*To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.*

SIR,—I trust that you will be so good as to permit of my replying, as briefly as I can, to the formidable counter-attack which Mr. Loring delivered against me in your July number? I was at first, I confess, considerably taken aback, on discovering how completely one of my flanks had been turned, and the knowledge as well as debating power arrayed against me appeared irresistible. Upon second thoughts, however, it seems to me that except so far as regards convicting his critic of a failing similar to that which, when exhibited by other people, the critic has been at such pains to condemn, Mr. Loring has left the situation very much as it was. I admit, with regret, that in discussing the question of how best to obtain colonial co-operation in Imperial Naval Defence, I wandered injudiciously beyond the actual points at issue, to the detriment of my argument. In a word, my reference to the "waste-paper-basket" was superfluous and I am sorry for having made it.

That I should have thus delivered myself, inadvisedly, is however of but small, because of only personal, consequence; and meanwhile I have been rejoiced to find that the main principle for which I contended has since been endorsed by no less authority than Mr. Chamberlain himself. Speaking at the Constitutional Club on June 26th, Mr. Chamberlain expressed entire confidence in the future of imperial patriotism, declaring that only time is needed in order

to awaken in all concerned a full sense of their common responsibility for the welfare and security of the Empire. Not a word was said about laying down conditions with a view to extorting more speedy compliance—but quite the contrary. Mr. Chamberlain said :

We all desire closer union and the consolidation of the Empire, and therefore we welcome every advance, and we welcome it in no grudging or huckstering spirit; and we are confident—I think I have a right to speak—and I say I am confident that in the future, as the colonies grow in strength and wealth and knowledge, this patriotism will grow also. (Hear! Hear!) They will be found not unwilling to share on equal or at least proportionate terms the obligations as well as the privileges of Empire. (Cheers.) Then does it not follow that we who are the older country, we who have gone through the parochial stage, and who have risen to the higher conception of national and imperial duty—that we should lead the way—that we should do our part and draw them on by our example? (Cheers, and a voice, "We will.")

It was after having called attention to the splendid services rendered to the Empire by the colonies during the late war, that Mr. Chamberlain used the weighty words which I have quoted and which seem to me to put the whole policy of imperial brotherhood in a nutshell. Mr. Loring is, I am quite sure, "one of those who honestly study the welfare of the Empire"; and yet I am equally certain that some of the methods which he advocates to that end are mistaken and

must, if persisted in, defeat their own object.

The colonies are ready and willing to be led by a sound example, but they will never consent to be driven; and holding a political pistol to their heads will certainly retard rather than accelerate the acceptance by them of their imperial obligations. Mr. Loring denies that his words which I quoted were intended to imply or did imply the suggestion that unless the colonies would undertake a proportionate share of the imperial burden "the colonies should be told that we would not defend them"; and he differentiates between what he desired to indicate and the construction put upon his words, as follows: "the placing of a term to the exclusive responsibility of the United Kingdom for the safety of these colonies is not synonymous with a declaration that the United Kingdom will not undertake to defend the colonies. It is one thing to be ready, in a fitting case, to defend them to the best of our ability and opportunity, and quite another to be solely responsible for their safety."

I admit the distinction between limited and unlimited liability, and that the threat conveyed in the first instance therefore suggested only partial and not entire abandonment; but I still hold that "speaking plainly" about penalties of any kind is most impolitic. Moreover I would point out that Mr. Loring by his own admission, has "more than once had occasion to correct the impression produced by an inaccurate paraphrase" of the sentence in which he proposed to "put a term to" the exclusive responsibilities of the United Kingdom. Mr. Loring will allow, I trust, that any inaccuracy of the paraphrases was unintentional; and granting this much it follows that the words used were

at least open to be misunderstood—which was unfortunate. Limited liability, however plausible the idea may seem, is, I contend, wholly impracticable. So long as the colonies form parts of the British Empire, Great Britain must, whether she will or no, defend any colony against any foreign foe, no matter who it may be, and no matter what may be the origin of the attack. There can be no half-measures.

I am convinced that the colonies will contribute ungrudgingly or not at all, and that otherwise, if by reason of persistent importunity some little might possibly be *extorted* from them, such aid would be dearly purchased, for our success would be but ephemeral. Supposing that as the result of sentimental objections upon their part to dismember the Empire, or through lack of confidence in their own immediate powers to stand alone, the colonies were to make unwilling contributions at the call of the Imperial Government, the result would be that a grievance would rankle to the ultimate destruction of sentiment; and, as soon as increased wealth and population permitted, the colonies would one by one cast off their allegiance.

Sentiment is at the present time not only the single cord which binds the British Empire in a common loyalty to the throne, but also the lever by which alone the obstacles to a complete confederacy can be removed. But to endow this lever of sentiment with the full opportunity for exerting its power, it requires a fulcrum of *business*. In these practical days people ask at once, *will it pay?* Nor do the colonies differ in their view of imperial questions from the people of this country, except that the latter, as a body, are even less inclined than

the former to make sacrifices for the good of the commonwealth without advantage to themselves—or to the political parties through whose baneful influences so many natural inclinations of a patriotic nature have been crushed.

To me at all events one thing seems clear; that no scheme of imperial defence worthy of the name stands the smallest chance of acceptance until imperial federation has first been accomplished; and that the latter itself is very much dependent upon its business aspect. To obtain imperial federation it is needful to show conclusively that it will *pay*, or at least that none of the contracting parties can lose, by accepting it, more than they can well afford and are fully willing to sacrifice for the sake of sentiment. It would obviously be ridiculous that a confederation adopted with a view to promoting British brotherhood in general and a combination for defensive purposes in particular, should through its very consummation be permitted to defeat the latter object, by reducing the wealth so essential to maintaining the required naval and military forces. Whether an intimate system of British confederacy can be organised upon an incontestably sound financial basis, is for the experts in commercial economics to decide—strictly upon the merits of the proposals submitted to them and without reference to party politics.

Meanwhile I think that the question of imperial defence, unless it be for the establishment of a mere *modus vivendi*, must stand over until the greater question in which it is included, imperial federation, has been fully decided. Once the Empire has been federated, an imperial council must necessarily be created, and under its authority every one

of the federated states would be compelled to provide its proportionate contribution towards the defence of the entire commonwealth. It is clear that the will of a majority within an accomplished British federation must be more powerful than the mere wishes of Great Britain alone while as yet no federation has been attained. Nor would such coercion be required only for the cases of backward colonies; it would be needed also as against Great Britain herself, whom the imperial council would certainly, and with reason, call upon to set her military house in order, upon the principle accepted in the colonies that it is the duty of the citizen to bear arms efficiently for his country—in person and not by deputy. At present the volunteers of Great Britain vicariously sustain the burden which an apathetic or unpatriotic majority of their countrymen refuse to touch with one of their fingers. With an efficient army of reasonable strength maintained in Great Britain, the strategical value of the imperial navy would be more than doubled, and the prospects of continued peace be proportionately increased. Certainly the colonies should take their share in the cost of maintaining the sea-power of the Empire, but we must not forget that under existing conditions the citizens of every self-governing colony already are or soon will be liable to compulsory service for the defence of their territories. It is true that arms have not yet been provided for even a moiety of the available men, but this deficiency will eventually be met, and meanwhile it is noteworthy that the colonials, by whom the British birthright of freedom is cherished even more tenderly than by ourselves, have shown us so excellent an example. In a word, the colo-

nials value their freedom so highly that the party vote-catchers have been powerless to prevent the people from determining to defend it when called upon.

We are now at the parting of the ways. If we show the colonies that we are in earnest about the Empire, they will readily enough follow our lead; but if we blindly regard as gospel truth the catch-words upon which our *politicians* have waxed fat, in place of being advised for our good by the few real and patriotic *statesmen* whom we possess, then indeed the fate of Spain and Holland will one day overtake us, and we shall have richly deserved it. Loyal as the colonies are to the throne, they one and all distrust every British government for the time being, and with excellent reasons furnished from the pages of history. British *policy* is so utterly inconsistent that it scarcely deserves the name. This is why we are so unpopular among the nations. We make a pretence of being a people of unblemished honour; and indeed, individually, we are perhaps pre-eminent in this respect, though collectively, if judged by the cross-swearings of our party-hacks, we are liars above all men. The war in South Africa was entirely due to Mr. Krüger's failure to discriminate between the encouraging shrieks of our politicians and the warning voices of our statesmen and patriots. Had we lost South Africa and thus reached the beginning of the end, the responsibility would have rested upon the shoulders of the men who systematically, for party purposes, supported

the cause of our enemies, and threw mud at our gallant troops. It has ever been thus. Our politicians brought about the rebellion of the North American colonies and, not content with this, prevented our generals from suppressing it. Whether the meddlesome incapacity of Lord George Germaine or the disloyalty of the Opposition were the greater curse to Clinton, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, matters not; it is sufficient that the combination produced the most disastrous and discreditable failure that we have ever experienced.

With such traditions, with such a record, it ill becomes us to prate to the colonies about their duties to the Empire and the honour which they enjoy in forming parts of it. Let us show them instead that we are worthy of our inheritance, because ourselves loyal to that Empire which we have such good reason to revere. "Right or wrong my country" is a sound motto, for it does not infer that one need be blind to the injustice of her cause, if unjust it should happen to be, but that when she is in a quarrel we decline to allow her to be worsted if we can by any means prevent it. Let us then act for the future as Mr. Chamberlain has advised us—"that we should do our part and draw them on by our example." Thus will the four corners of the world be rendered powerless to do us mischief—be it in trade or in arms.

A. W. A. POLLOCK, *Lt.-Colonel.*  
*Editor of "The United Service Magazine."*

July 2nd, 1908.

### A VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

It is Good Friday, and the sun is already warm at midday. The little village that lies nestling among the trees, the little cluster of farms and cottages that everywhere takes the shade of elm and ash and sycamore, is awaking to summer life and pleasures. The voices and sounds of labour ring clear in the spring air, the notes of the birds take a bolder trill, and in the fields thick-legged little lambs gallop about their mothers. The thin-voiced church bell tinkles for service; but most of the villagers are otherwise engaged. Good Friday in Hometown, and no doubt in most Yorkshire hamlets, is an eventful day. Holidays are rare with us, and we have few outlets for our pleasure-seeking energies. The old-time sports have long since died out, and the modern substitutes (crowded railway carriages, shooting galleries, football matches, swing-boats and other satisfying and inspiring delights) are not for us. But on the afternoon of Good Friday we open our cricket-season, and even the labourers slouch down to Johnny Gee's ten-acre field, and take an apathetic interest in the proceedings.

Johnny as the treasurer of the village club releases from the dust and darkness of winter the bats, wickets and pads. It is a happy moment for him. Visions of mighty strokes, of glorious heat and striving, of victories over arrogant townsfolk, of the ball, sped by his lusty young arm, causing a beautiful yellow splash behind the enemy's ineffectual bat,—these are unconsciously inspiring his tuneless whistle and song, as he marches out

to "the old pitch," with obedient attendants in his rear, carrying the tape and dragging the roller.

One by one the members of the company appear, and doff their coats, preparing to take the tender surface from off the virgin green which the winter has laid. It seems appropriate to liken this half-dozen or so of regular performers to the members of an old theatrical troupe, for each of them has his recognised rôle. Johnny himself is as near the light comedian as a very provincial accent and manner can attain to lightness. "Here gooaas for thi legs, John 'Enery!" he cries, as he raises the ball in his brown fist, and John Henry, with more discretion than valour, skips nimbly across his wickets. But on this point it is John William Gee, our leading young man, who is at once our pride and terror. He has been known, when in form, to disable batsman, wicket-keeper and long-stop with one delivery, and his pride in the feat is shared by all the village,—with perhaps the momentary exception of the three sufferers. A youth who can make a ball kick and rise threateningly to one's nose is a valuable asset in a country team on a country wicket, and John William knows his worth. He is without exaggeration a deadly bowler, and when you tell him so, he will admit that you are right without any prudish reticence. "Ah tuk faave wickets o' Satherder," he adds, "and laamed two chaps, one on 'is shoulder and t'other on his ankle." And he laughs a laugh of pride.

The low-comedy element is supplied

by an uncle of John William aforesaid. "Art" Gee, the blacksmith, has played for Hometown for twenty years, and obviously has acquired the right to play for it for as many more as he chooses. True, the under-hand slows which were once so dreaded and full of guile have lost their terrors, and are now so harmless that a child might score from them. Further, his joints are "somewhat stiff or so," causing him to choose an easy spot in the field, and leave "the young 'uns to do the fetching and stopping." But his powers of chaff and his capacity for giving advice to friend and foe alike are unlimited, and his whims and vagaries enliven the play considerably. He is very popular with the *ring*, to which his jokes are never old, and his humours never unwelcome.

Groom Ruddiman plays the heavy father of the team. He is in reality about fifty, but what he lacks in years he makes good in importance. He is the leading farmer, and a churchwarden, a district councillor and a guardian and goodness-knows-what beside. Malicious gossip says that he succeeded to these exalted positions because no one else would take them; but no doubt behind this stolid, brick-red countenance and slow, ungainly speech there lurks a brain of great administrative power, and a tongue of eloquence and capacity. Groom dallies with the game now, and his joints and dignity do not unbend often, but he plays whenever he will, for is he not the employer of half the village? His son Tommy, of the good-natured foolish face, is not so easy to place; perhaps he is the stalwart lazy youth of modern farce and musical comedy.

Travis, the publican, takes emphatically a character-part. He is a retired seaman, full of strange oaths and bearded like a Boer. Whenever

by any chance he skilfully stops a dangerous ball with his legs, or happens to encounter it in one of his wild swipes, he announces to all the onlookers within the radius of half a mile, "Ah nivver plaayed afoor—ah dooant reckon ti be a creaketer." His attitude is one of contempt for his own manifest powers. "They asked ma ti play," he bellows, "but ah've not plaayed fur ten year or moor." Nevertheless he is full of divers unconvincing excuses when the inevitable happens, and implies that his dismissal is due to the mean strategy of his foe, combined with a spiteful freak on the part of fate.

I feel rather a delicacy in ascribing to our captain his line of talent in the company he commands. Perhaps I shall evade his wrath and satisfy my own love of politeness, by remarking that he could play Surface without his polish, or Tartuffe without his unattractive piety. He has the gift of awarding candid praise which it would be unkind to call hypocritical, together with a dignified sort of self-assertion, and he controls his team admirably. He has evidently studied the art of managing his fellow-creatures. "Horry" is brother of Art Gee, and father of John William, and by far the most interesting member of this talented family. The rest of the eleven changes constantly, and is made up from out of the floating population—labourers for the year, friends from neighbouring hamlets, and strangers visiting Hometown.

And the way of our practising is this. Two or three of the best players announce that they'll "tak t' feal'd,"—a challenge which the rest seem to consider it dishonourable to refuse. The stock bowlers bowl, and for all other ambitious ones there is no opening, unless Johnny or John William becomes tired, which is

seldom. The best bats stand the leg-battering as long as they care to, and then get out. The rest of the side are disposed of as rapidly as possible, their own chiefs with praiseworthy impartiality doing their best to finish off the innings, showing more energy than conscience. The same thing is then repeated, and "another innings a side" is voted until the dark falls, and the stumps no longer show. The wicket-keeper for the time uses an ingenious substitute for gloves in the shape of his coat, with which he attempts to smother the ball, and sometimes succeeds. The post of long-stop, in among the long grass and the cattle, is not an enviable one, and strong measures are often required to induce one of the lads to accept it. We are not good fielders. It is told of Tom Emmett, the old Yorkshire bowler, that he played on one occasion with a country team, and that his labours were rendered useless by the fielders, who consistently dropped the ball when it came to them. He was moved to remark audibly that there was "a bloomin' epidemic" among the players, but fervently added that he thanked Heaven it wasn't catching. I am inclined to think that the team must have hailed from Hometown.

Sometimes of an evening, while we are waiting for Johnny Gee, who is sluicing himself in the scullery, or finishing his tea, I sit on the fold-yard fence, gazing across at the old church, and the rustling poplars that hide the graves from our view, and shield us from foolish or untimely thoughts. I am joined by some of the older men, who are now but extinct volcanoes of cricket; but their ears still love that distant crack of bat against ball, so blood-stirring and so musical, and they come evening after evening, and watch, and remember, and sigh, and say little. On one

occasion, however, old Atkinson had a new text.

"Ah reckon nowt o' *these* lads," he said, with a wave of his pipe towards the farmhouse. "Th' gaame i' U'mton ain't wot it wur i' schoolmaaster Taylor's time."

"Ay," agreed Mr. Bakeham with a chuckle,—"he *wur* a plaayer, he wur! Ah niver seed the likes on 'im, *not* afoor or sin'!"

"Ah mind," continued Atkinson, heartened by this encouragement, "Ah mind 'ut yance he tuk an' lifted t' ball ovver inti t' chotchyard yonner."

I looked behind and before me. The pitch was fifty yards behind, the chotchyard a full hundred and fifty in front. "Indeed," I said.

"Ah seed un," corroborated Bakeham. "T' foaks in t' street wur mighty flayed."

"Ay," said Atkinson, warming to his work, "he *wur* a plaayer! He was yan o' th' Hall Hingland eleven afoor e coomed 'ere. Theer wur a parson yance 'at bothered 'im an' fairly got 'im waxy. 'Noo then, parson,' e says, 'ere gooaas for thi pulpit!' An' he slings yan doon 'at smashed ivry yan o' t' wickets i' two!"

"Ay, ah seed 'un," murmured Bakeham. "Wa tells tha nowt bud what wa seed."

"Twur schoolmaaster Baker 'at 'it a ball that 'igh as they runned ten runs afoor it coomed doon ageean," Atkinson continued.

"Ah coonted 'em," said the faithful Bakeham.

I looked at my two neighbours. Each was sucking his cold pipe and gazing absently into the past—or what he had come to believe was the past. "Did you never play yourselves?" I asked. I was afraid of allowing them to continue in this strain, being such old men, too!

"Ah wur yan o' th' best, i' mi time," said Atkinson with pride. "Ah plaayed fur 'Umton twelve year. Ah wur reckoned a smartish lad. Misther Bakeham there, he wur a good bowler fur a lahtle chap."

"Neean sa bad," said Bakeham, diffidently. "Niver a crecketer like thisen, John 'Enery."

"Ah mind—"

"Yance—"

The two began to speak together, with great animation, then stopped as simultaneously. Johnny and John William were approaching the gate. The old men knew by bitter experience how their reminiscences of former prowess would be received. Against the scoffing of a generation which knew not their youth all their fond recollections of past triumphs were futile. They sank into silence, and when Johnny shouted a greeting to me, and I bade them good-bye, they were stolid, secretive, dour old men once more.

Dull-Town-on-the-Mud boasts a street called John Street, and in this street there stands a church. To this church a number of youths resort on Sunday evenings, chiefly, I fear, to meet openly and with the sanction of the proprietaries the young maidens of the congregation. Out of these weedy clerks and assistants a cricket club has been formed, which is accustomed to visit Hometown and beat it regularly every year. This is the match of the summer, and even the feminine heart becomes stirred and excited when the day and the hour arrive for the annual tourney. But though Hometown is usually beaten, there was one match which we very nearly won. And this was the manner of it.

The drag from St. Patrick's Town set down a dozen noisy youths, full of spirits and a self-confidence which was at once insulting and disquieting.

They startled the old rooks with their shouts, and found the chase of a trespassing cow the finest of sport. We rustics gathered together in knots, and watched the townsmen with nervous anticipations. True, we had "borrowed" a couple of good players from a neighbouring village, but there is something over-awing to the country-dweller in the smartness and assured manner of the cockney.

We were waiting for Horry Gee, when Art came swinging up, his boots slung over his shoulder. "Mak thisens at hooam, gentlemen!" he cried, as he squatted down by the roller and two chairs which constituted the pavilion. "Wheea's gotten a penny?"

"We can't toss till Hor comes," said young Ruddiman sturdily.

"Hor! We can't wait fur 'im; it's laate eneef, noo. Ah reckon nowt on 'im, anny rooad. Heads!—Reight; we'll goa in". There was a murmur of protest, which Art ignored, and the captain coming up took command without fuss, and sent in our opponents instead. Whether he would have endorsed his brother's conduct if the coin had turned up tails, I should not like to say.

It cannot be said that we ornamented the field with our presence. The churchgoers wore a uniform white; but our principal costume was a pair of *bags*, surmounted by a grey shirt, braces and dickey. Nor can it be said that we were as useful as we might have been by way of compensation. Our wicket-keeper stood several yards back and religiously avoided the ball, making up for this frailty by turning and abusing the long-stop. Three of us were deposed in disgrace before the innings was over. As for the fielders, you can imagine their behaviour by supposing the harmless leather to be a red-hot cannon-ball. But John Wil-

liam did nobly. Several of the John Streeters went (out) in bodily fear of him, and said so, whereat he laughed aloud in pride.

Horry stood at mid-wicket and directed operations. "Ay, that near knocked 'im! . . . A lahtle further up, John William . . . Get well on to yon off stump . . . Tak' a longer run . . . Pitch 'em hup—well hup, sir—no, not that length!" The ball was rushing through distant clover.

"I know—I know," answered John William with some heat. "I slipped that time."

Art was in his element now. He was changing the bowlers, ordering the fielders, advising the batsmen, and thoroughly enjoying himself. Then he confiscated the ball and took an over, whereupon the young men from John Street enjoyed themselves.

The hot afternoon wore on. A relay of nine of Ruddiman's daughters came to sit on the grass, that youth and beauty should not be wanting, and quite twenty spectators gathered about the scorers, who were making chaos of the printed form in the customary manner.

At length all the John Streeters were disposed of, partly by John William, partly by Johnny, but chiefly by Groom Ruddiman. He was the umpire. Leaning with dignity on his bat (why does a country umpire wear a bat? It is one of the mysteries of the game) the farmer stood and gave judgement, looking far too impressive to be doubted or flouted. Did he not examine the whole pitch carefully, before he declared a man stumped? Did he not go into some elaborate calculations with a bat and a wicket before pronouncing a townsman as "leg-before"? After such evidence of impartiality it was mere spite which caused the

foe to protest that the worthy parish councillor didn't know half the rules of the game, and was abusing the ones that he did know.

We all of us agreed, when we met at practice on the following Monday, that we were even more unlucky than usual on this occasion. What could be more untoward than the fact that Johnny Gee was caught off the first ball he tried to lift? True, he played across at it with his bat, but that was unintentional. It was generally acknowledged that "Hor" did a smart thing when he rubbed his arm after giving a catch, and was ruled not out. When a large lump appeared on his hand it was, of course, too late to make any fuss. Travis made one big hit, on which he loudly expatiated, but was sent back with a ball bowled, it appeared, when he wasn't ready—which was clearly a crying shame.

The time to draw stumps was at hand, and no victim trembling in the dentist's chair could have regarded it with more agony of suspense than we did. Young Adams from Patrick's Town was making the score for us, and Art was keeping his end up. Five minutes more, and three runs to win! We shouted at every ball. A swift ball that required the customary "coat of paint" to have lowered Art's bails sped away for two byes. A tie! Art showed an exaggerated carelessness. Adams struck the ball past point and called to his colleague.

"Not I," answered Art with a lordly disdain. "I isn't gannin' ti run fur sich a lahtle un!"

The next moment he was clean bowled. We crowded round Gee, and explained to him our views of his conduct. We put the case quite plainly, but he was not at all moved. He said, "Ah wasn't gannin' ti run fur sich a lahtle un. Why didn't 'e 'it it 'arder? Ah wud!"

## HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THE extensive preparations which are now being made for celebrating the centenary of the birth of Hector Berlioz are sufficiently suggestive of the change that has come over the world of music since the days of the older masters. Mendelssohn declared that after touching a score of Berlioz soap and water were imperatively necessary, and that was the general view of his time. Wagner had not arrived. Music was built exclusively upon classical models, and the man who was original enough to strike out a design for himself was regarded as an object suitable only for a musical strait-jacket.

In one chapter of his autobiography Berlioz has described, with inimitable skill, his three days' agonies when writing a musical critique. Something of the same difficulty besets the individual who sits down to write a sketch of the most daringly original of all composers. Biographers of Schumann have complained that the literary side of his career has not been sufficiently dwelt upon because of the more pressing claims of his music. In Hector Berlioz we have to look not only at the composer and the literary man, but at several other characters besides. With his music he shook his time like a volcanic eruption; with his caustic pen and bitter tongue he excited the wrath of nearly all contemporary artists; and when, as a conductor, he took up the baton, it was to show himself almost inspired—provided he liked the composer! No such combination has ever appeared in the history of the musical art. Berlioz's compositions stand ab-

solutely alone in their kind; and Berlioz himself—he is the one fiery meteor in the musical heavens, the flaming portent at which we still look with mingled admiration and astonishment.

It would take a long time to tell all the interesting details of the life-story of this singular being. Happily it is almost impossible to tell anything that is not of interest. His father, a medical man, was a freethinker, his mother a *dévote*. The father wanted to make him a medical man too, but Hector rebelled, and gave himself up to music. "Become a physician!" he cried; "study anatomy; dissect; take part in horrible operations? No, no! That would be a total subversion of the natural course of my life." True, he did give medicine a trial. But it was only a trial. On entering the dissecting room he was so convulsed with horror that he jumped from the window and rushed to his lodgings in an agony of dread and disgust. It had to be music in spite of father and everything.

Unaccountably enough, Berlioz took to the flute (later he took to the guitar!), and, like Wagner, was never proficient at the piano. As a child he delighted in books of travel, a trait which was exemplified in after years by his incessant wanderings. As a scholar he was dull enough till he read Virgil, when the story of Dido aroused his sympathy and awakened his love of literature. To the last the sorrows of Dido moved him, and one of his latest works was *LES TROYENS à CARTHAGE*. Musically he was no prodigy; indeed, his taste for

the art was not awakened till his first communion, when his passionate emotion was excited by a hymn set to a tune taken from D'Alayrac's forgotten opera of *NINA*.

By the time that he entered the Paris Conservatoire as a pupil of Lesueur, the inexorable parent had stopped supplies, and young Berlioz was forced to earn a scanty subsistence by singing in the chorus of an obscure theatre. He gives an amusing account of his going to compete with the horde of applicants,—butchers, bakers, shop-apprentices—each with his roll of music under his arm. It was only fifty francs a month that he got from this miserable appointment, but even that was a substantial addition to his resources. Hitherto he had slept in an unfurnished garret, and shivered under scanty bedclothing, eating his bread and his grapes on the Pont Neuf, wondering, like Hamlet, whether it might not be better to take arms against his sea of troubles and so end them. Now he was able to house and feed himself a little more comfortably. Berlioz never hesitated about modes of making a living. Whatever divine afflatus he might have been conscious of possessing, he seldom trusted to it, but worked as doggedly at writing reviews, singing in theatres and elsewhere, giving lessons, and "arranging" music for the publishers as the most unimaginative drudge. At the Conservatoire he was treated very badly. The director of those days was that dreary old pedant Cherubini, who positively hated him, no doubt because of his light-hearted contempt for the traditional rules of harmony and counterpoint. It was the case of Haydn and Beethoven over again, with differences. Beethoven went to Haydn for lessons and then declared that Haydn taught him nothing. But

Beethoven was already a musical revolutionist; Haydn was content to walk in the old ways. The two men belonged almost to different centuries, and the disposition which the younger artist had for "splendid experiments" must have seemed to the mature musician little better than madness and licentious irregularity.

So it was with Cherubini and Berlioz. It is positively staggering to recall the fact that, in spite of such a remarkable achievement as the *SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE*, which he wrote while a pupil at the Conservatoire, Berlioz was repeatedly plucked, and was awarded a prize for composition only after the fourth trial. Imagine Sebastian Bach being told that he was unsuccessful as a candidate for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Organists! But what, indeed, could be expected of the Paris of that time? Even Beethoven was hardly tolerated there in Berlioz's student days. Conductors cut and carved him to suit the French taste, which pronounced him "bizarre, incoherent, diffuse, bristling with rough modulations and wild harmonies, destitute of melody, forced in expression, noisy, and fearfully difficult." Even England would have none of the Bonn master's now immortal works. To John Bull they were but "the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy." If it was so with Beethoven, what measure of tolerance could be expected for Berlioz? Fortunately he was not easily put out by opposition. The anti-pathetic treatment of Cherubini and the duns only stimulated him to greater exertion, and his triumph came at last in 1830, when he took the first prize (the famous *Prix de Rome*) with the cantata *SARDANAPALE*. This prize carries with it a government pension supporting the winner for three years at Rome. Thither Berlioz now went,

rather unwillingly, as he tells us. Haydn and Chopin sighed for Italy, which neither of them ever saw, and Handel had his severe German style chastened by intercourse with the musicians of that land of song. To Berlioz Italy was entirely barren, an arid wilderness, without one oasis to refresh the thirsty soul. He hated Rome: Rome had only pictures and statues. He had no eye for pictures, and when he speaks of Rome's treasures of that kind, it is generally in disparaging terms. There is hardly anything more singular—a man who loved beauty in nature, in form, in poetry, in literature, and yet was utterly insensible to painting, the best exponent of nature, and the sister of music and poetry.

The autobiography contains much that is of curious interest regarding this interval of study in Italy. One judges that Berlioz did very little real study. Stevenson "looked in" at his classes at Edinburgh University when the day happened to be wet. Berlioz did much the same in Rome. He was a dreamer and liked to roam about in the moonlight in search of adventures. The ruins of the Coliseum were a favourite haunt, and the lonely Campagna was often visited by the lonely musician. Berlioz declared that Italy could teach him nothing of his art. Italian music was to him *anathema maranatha*, just as it was to Wagner. He went to the theatres only to find that everything,—orchestra, dramatic unity, and what not—was sacrificed to vocal display. At St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel religious earnestness and dignity were frittered away in pretty part-singing, in mere frivolity and meretricious display. The word *symphony* was not known, except to indicate an indescribable noise before the rising of the curtain. Nobody had heard of Weber and Beethoven (this was in 1830, remember); and

Mozart, dead all but forty years, was mentioned by a well-known musical connoisseur as a young man of great promise! "Such surroundings as these," says a biographer, "were a species of purgatory to Berlioz, against whose bounds he fretted and raged without intermission. The director's receptions were signalised by the performance of insipid cavatinas, and from these, as from his companions' revels, in which he would sometimes indulge with the maddest debauchery, as if to kill his own thoughts, he would escape to wander in the majestic ruins of the Coliseum, and see the magic Italian moonlight shimmer through its broken arches."

Berlioz never completed his time in Italy. He managed to get the last six months of his exile remitted, and he went back to Paris in a furious paroxysm of rage. There was a woman in the question, and a rival had appeared. Berlioz, like Burns, was always in love—more or less. To him, as to Sir Thomas Browne, the silent note which Cupid struck was far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. Before he was twelve he had a *grande passion*, one that lasted till his death. He loved the beautiful Estelle—Stella Montis, he called her. He worshipped her large eyes, her long hair, her pink shoes; he hated his officer-uncle who danced with the goddess. Estelle was nineteen, Hector twelve; and apparently she was more amused than sympathetic with the boy's mad admiration. She even forgot it. He saw her no more for seventeen years, and then she was Madame F—. She did not recognise her juvenile admirer in the young man who, unwarmed of her approach, handed her a letter from his mother; but he remembered her, and the sight only revived agonies of disappointed love.

One thinks of Goethe and his Gretchen,—Goethe the youth of fifteen, who was so mortified when he was told how the object of his adoration had declared that she always treated him as a child, and that her inclination towards him was "truly sisterly." Goethe took "dreadfully ill" over this business; Berlioz went and consoled himself with another love affair.

This time it was a Mlle. M.—. She was a frivolous and unscrupulous Parisian beauty, and she drained his none too well filled purse very freely, much as the Signora Polzelli of Count Esterhazy's musical establishment drained the purse of bandmaster Haydn. Berlioz had to leave his lady behind when he went to Italy, and his absence made her fonder of somebody else. In fact she was now going to be married. The news reached Hector in Rome, just as he was thinking of packing up and returning leisurely to Paris. It should have gladdened his heart, but instead of that it set up a spirit of revenge, and he hurried off with pistols in his pockets, not even waiting for passports. He attempted to cross the frontier in woman's clothes, and was arrested. Ultimately he got to the capital after a variety of little adventures, but by that time his wrath had cooled down and he found no use for his pistols. This was one of the most characteristic episodes in Berlioz's career. Berlioz did nothing by halves. As one of his biographers has put it, his finely adjusted mind worked only at high pressure; he either did things or did them not. All through his life he was wildly enthusiastic; and whether he was writing a love-letter or a symphony, whether he presided over the production of his latest opera, or assisted at the exhumation of his wife's bones, he addressed himself to his task with

a whole heart and with a determination to extract the last flavour from each experience. Every sensation of his existence was a cup to be drained to the dregs, and he smacked his lips almost as heartily over the bitter draught as over the sweet.

Berlioz certainly had some bitter draughts to swallow. I have been speaking of his love affairs. The romantic passion which most influenced his life began when he had reached the comparatively sober age of twenty-seven. He had caught the contagion of an enthusiasm for Shakespeare which, thanks mainly to Victor Hugo, was then raging in Paris. Ophelia and Juliet were his favourite heroines, and Ophelia and Juliet were being impersonated by Harriet Smithson, a pretty Irish actress, over whose charms a good many people at home had lost their wits. Harriet created quite a furore among the excitable Parisians; but while for the most part she was merely admired by other men, she became with Berlioz the object of a perfectly devouring passion. To him she was a celestial divinity, a lovely ideal of art and beauty, a personification of the transcendent genius of Shakespeare himself. To win this angelic being became the chief end of his existence. "Oh, that I could find her!" he exclaims, "the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to; that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows! Could I but rest in her arms one autumn eve, rocked by the north wind and sleeping my last sleep." A French philosopher who argues that love is a disease, says no man raves about a woman unless he is a bit "off colour." Berlioz was very much off colour. But he meant to have the Juliet that his heart called to before he fell into his last sleep.

His first step was to give, at great expense, a concert at which he hoped his Harriet would be present. Unluckily the concert proved a failure, and, worst of all, the adored one was not there—she had not even heard of it. Berlioz was in utter despair. But fortune favours the brave. In course of time the Shakespearean craze began to wane, and Miss Smithson found herself in pecuniary straits. Subsequently she had a fall, broke her leg, and was incapacitated from ever again appearing on the stage. Now was Berlioz's opportunity. His passion burned as fiercely as ever, and presently he was on his knees before the entralling Harriet, offering to marry her and to pay her debts. She accepted him out of her necessity, and the wedding was celebrated without delay. Thus began a connection that led to the most deplorable results. An old English bishop once remarked that "there is but one shrew in all the world, and every man hath her." Berlioz would have heartily agreed with the bishop. He soon discovered that his divinity was a woman of fretful, imperious temper, jealous of mere shadows, and (like Haydn's wife) caring not whether her husband were an artist or a cobbler, totally lacking in sympathy with his ideals. In course of time her peevish plaints and ungovernable jealousy fairly damped the composer's ardour, and in the end, (again like Haydn) he went his own way, and provided for her living apart. Berlioz came very creditably out of this unfortunate business. One child, a son, was born of the union, and his loss at sea while cruising on a man-of-war was one of the severest blows that he experienced in his sadly embittered existence.

But to return to Berlioz's profes-

sional career. Back in Paris, fresh from his "studies" in Italy, the young artist soon found that he could not live by writing music. He had been unpopular at the Conservatoire; and he was still more unpopular now. His insolence, his eccentricity, his innovations, raised him up a host of enemies; and matters were not improved when he eventually became a musical critic, and sacrificed hapless conventional musicians and managers with his scathing words. Much has been written about the savage way in which Berlioz was attacked during almost the whole of his professional life. Here is a suggestive extract from THE EXPERIMENTAL NOVEL of the late M. Zola. "Since Berlioz's death," says the novelist,

we know what his triumph has been. To-day we bow reverently before his tomb and proclaim him the glory of our modern school. This great man whom they vilified, whom they dragged in the gutter during his life, is applauded in his coffin. All the lies circulated about him, all the odious, ridiculous stories, all the silly attacks, all the efforts of hatred and envy to soil him have disappeared like dust swept away by the wind; and he remains standing alone in his glory. It is London, it is St. Petersburg, it is Berlin, alas! which were right in opposition to Paris. But do you think that this example will cure the crowd of its frivolity and fools of their spite when brought face to face with individual talent? Ah, no! To-morrow an original musician may be born, and he will find exactly the same hisses, the same calumnies and will have to begin exactly the same battle should he desire the same victory. Stupidity and unfairness are eternal.

This is putting it exactly as one might expect from a novelist who has constituted himself special pleader. But it is all an exaggeration. To say nothing of the antipathy aroused by his music, which even now is regarded as sufficiently bizarre, Berlioz only got what he gave by his pen and his

tongue. It is a dangerous thing for a composer to turn professional musical critic even when he is manfully resolved to sink his personal prejudices ; it is a still more dangerous thing when, of set purpose, he seeks to estimate the work of others according to his own particular shibboleth. Berlioz had no toleration for anything that did not fit in with his peculiar art theories. The great masters themselves he held in scarcely disguised contempt. "Bach is Bach, just as God is God," said he ; "of criticism nobody thinks." He professed to know nothing of Handel ; Haydn he laughed to scorn as a pedantic old baby. He had no patience with Mozart, and to the end of his life he could not be persuaded to hear Mendelssohn's *ELIJAH*. In short, his contention seems to have been, in effect, that all new music should supply the quietus for the music that has gone before. Insistence on a doctrine of that kind was hardly likely to conciliate those musicians who, like Cherubini, looked exclusively to the past for musical guidance. But this was a small matter compared with the way in which Berlioz wrote and spoke of living artists. One editor stated it very well when, in returning his manuscript, he wrote : "Your hands are too full of stones, and there are too many glass windows about." Berlioz's hands were always full of stones. He told the truth, or what seemed to him the truth, and never once considered the consequences. Read his letters and you find that he introduced the most cutting things, often in the form of postscripts—questions with pointed irony which, as someone has said, resembled prussic acid made of bitter almonds.

Nor was it in Paris only that he was detested. Wherever his name was known it excited resentment.

Some called him a monster ; others called him a mountebank. Even about his appearance people began to entertain the most absurd ideas. They imagined him to be a kind of ogre, a man who might have been in prison like Stradivarius, or, like Paganini, have tickled his wife to death. The music-seller, Johann Hofmann, of Prague, exhibited in his shop a plaster impression of the well-known bust of Caracalla from the Capitoline Museum. If visitors pointed out this tiger-like face, distorted in demoniacal fury, and asked, shuddering, whom it represented, the waggish Hofmann would say : "It is the portrait of the famous Berlioz." It was the same everywhere. He was abused at home and ignored abroad—"a physician who plays the guitar and fancies himself a composer." No doubt Berlioz did suffer a vast amount of injustice, but his suffering was due at least as much to his own reckless lack of discretion in print and speech as to the daring qualities of his music. "He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare," says the poet. Berlioz had few friends to begin with, and most of the few he converted into enemies before he had travelled far in his strenuous and stormy career.

Of the part of that career still unnoticed, it is not necessary to say much. It was the same thing right on to the end : an indomitable fight with poverty and persistent opposition, one great work after another falling still-born on the public interest. "In all art history," says a writer on the subject, "there is no more masterful, heroic struggle than Berlioz waged for thirty-five years, firm in his belief that some time, if not during his own life, his principles would be triumphant, and his name ranked among the immortals." In the meanwhile he had to solve the problem of

living, and he solved it by continuing his newspaper-writing. We get a vivid idea of his misery from that remarkable book, the *MÉMOIRES DE HECTOR BERLIOZ*, which can be read from cover to cover as one reads the most enthralling romance. "Let me stand all day, baton in hand," he says, "training a chorus, singing their parts myself, and beating the measure until I spit blood, and cramp seizes my arm; let me carry desks, double basses, remove platforms, nail planks like a porter or a carpenter, and then spend the night in rectifying the errors of copyists. That belongs to my musical life, and I bear it without thinking of it, as the hunter bears the thousand fatigues of the chase. But to scribble eternally for a livelihood—!" Here was the bitterness of the situation. The general public, his countrymen and fellow-citizens, would have none of Berlioz the composer, but Berlioz the writer of caustic criticisms, the man whose pen was "ready, aye ready" for the fray—that was the man with whom they laughed as they contemplated the writhing victims of his merciless satire. Just before his death, a lonely, embittered man, old at sixty-five, they began to have some faint glimmerings of his greatness. But what did it matter then? In 1869 he went to his rest. Many eulogies were uttered over his grave, and someone most appropriately quoted from the epitaph of Marshal Trivulce: "Quiet at last, who never was quiet before."

To give anything like an adequate estimate of Berlioz as a composer at the tail-end of a short article is manifestly impossible. His works, never popular in his own day, are not popular now. The general idea is that this is due to the fact that most of them are cast in so gigantic a mould; that they call for orchestral and other resources seldom at the

command of the modern conductor. But this is quite an erroneous idea. Wagner calls for greater resources than Hector Berlioz, and modern orchestras are equal to Wagner at all points. The reason for Berlioz not having made his way to the heart of the general musical public is altogether different. It lies, as a German critic has well phrased it, in the irregularities of his compositions, in the forcible transgression of the ever-immovable boundary of the beautiful and true, in the repulsive passages which cannot be balanced by the beautiful parts that often stand close to them. Berlioz knew no other regulator for his music than poetical intention, poetical intention of the widest description, for which he took the material from Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, and others. His music puffs itself out to appear as great as a Lear, a Faust. The old warning of *Aesop* does not frighten him. At last the inevitable happens: the inflated creation bursts! Nor is this all. Berlioz was far too fond of the horrible. Like Baudelaire, he would rather evoke the shudder than call up a pleasant sensation. His Faust must be sent to hell, in spite of Goethe's general pardon. "It is more effective so," he said. A single Satan makes ten times the noise of a chorus of angels.

Berlioz has been classed with the Romantics. A Romantic he unquestionably was by temperament; but his music,—all colour, nuance, and brilliancy—is not genuinely romantic in its themes. Compare him with Schumann, for example, and the genuine romanticist kills the virtuoso. Berlioz was in fact a magnified virtuoso. His orchestral technique was supreme, but his music fails to force its way into the soul. As an American critic remarked the other day, it pricks the nerves, it

pleases one's sense of the gigantic, the bizarre, the formless; but there is something uncanny about it all, as if some huge prehistoric bird were sullenly floating about in a sultry, cream-coloured sky. Heine called him "a colossal nightingale, a lark of eagle size, such as they tell us existed in the primeval world." And Heine, amateur as he was, summed up the qualities of his music better than any one I know. "In general," he said, "Berlioz's music has in it something primeval if not antediluvian to my mind. It makes me think of gigantic species of extinct animals, of fabulous empires full of fabulous sins, of heaped-up impossibilities. His

magical accents call to our minds Babylon, the hanging gardens, the wonders of Nineveh, the daring edifices of Mizraim." Such, in effect, was the style of the man who, in Wagner's words, "lies buried beneath the ruins of his own machines." Whether the centenary celebrations will do anything towards his resuscitation remains to be seen. A four days' festival, a Berlioz album containing special articles by "illustrious musicians," and a new edition of the Berlioz compositions in fifteen folio volumes ought to have some effect in that direction.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

## TAMMANY AND THE PURITANS.

It is no heresy to assert that there are spots in the sun. And therefore, while we all agree in admiration for the United States of America (or, as many prefer to say, our blood-brothers across the Atlantic—a kinship which America seldom disdains to acknowledge), while we sing proper psalms to the resourceful commercialism and sublime if somewhat strident efficiency of these highly creditable relatives, it is permissible to remind ourselves that even in America the last perfection of political development has not been attained, and that even efficiency must be paid for at a price. In plainer language, we have it on the word of an intelligent American that in the chief city of America, where all men are *ex hypothesi* free, arbitrary despotism—the rule of an irresponsible individual and his satellites—exists for all citizens who cannot afford a costly legal struggle ; and that this oppressive and corrupt officialdom is maintained by the power of those great commercial corporations whose accumulated millions are the inspiration of journalists and the contemporary wonder of the world.

Mr. Alfred Hodder's unusually readable book<sup>1</sup> is primarily an account of the campaign against Tammany Hall and its minions which was conducted by Judge Jerome, first in his judicial capacity, then as a candidate for office. But in its essence it is an answer to the question : Why does an institution

like Tammany exist in a country like the United States ? How does it come to be possible that policemen in New York should be deaf to screams for help proceeding from certain houses ?

Mr. Hodder, who is like so many people now-a-days self-consciously Anglo-Saxon, but who lacks some of the self-complacency which commonly completes the type, attributes these facts to a racial characteristic. The Anglo-Saxon, he says, is an idealist in profession, but not in practice : that is why foreigners call him a hypocrite. And yet, as Mr. Hodder thinks, the accusation is unjust, because the New England Puritan honestly believes that good is done by enunciating principles which sound well, without any intention of putting them into practice. And, since the most emphatic way of enunciating a principle is framing it into a law, the American statute-books affirm that it shall be criminal to sell drink on Sundays, criminal to keep a gaming-house, criminal to maintain premises for illicit sexual intercourse. States compete with one another in this declaration of virtuous principles ; and those which prohibit alcohol altogether simply go beyond the rest in the emphasis with which they assert that drinking whisky is an evil ; they do not at all propose to prevent or desist from the drinking of whisky.

Laws of this kind are not framed to become a dead letter ; they are designed for what is habitually called (it seems) *liberal enforcement*,—although *frugal* would be the better

<sup>1</sup> A FIGHT FOR THE CITY. By Alfred Hodder. London and New York, 1903.

adjective. The legislators in fact propose to secure for the community a double benefit; first the moral gain that accrues from the emphatic enunciation of a virtuous ordinance; secondly the practical gain of enabling the police to check bad cases—to interfere when the thing becomes a nuisance. Unhappily, no guiding lines can be laid down by the Legislature for intervention, because if you prohibit *in toto* the sale of drink on Sundays, it is impossible to add a rider specifying the conditions under which the sale shall be prohibited. The selection of those who must be made examples therefore rests with the police; and since all persons who sell drink on Sundays are equally criminal before the law, but all cannot be and are not meant to be prosecuted, the policemen have to be guided in their selection by reasons of personal preference, which the drink-sellers are not slow to provide.

It is at this point that the racial cleavage in America begins to show itself. The Anglo-Saxons make the laws, dictate the principles; the Irish and the Germans enforce them. And, as Mr. Hodder points out, if Tammany is a society for the exploitation of vice, it is also up to a certain point an agency for its repression. Vice is penalised, not legally but illegally.

"At present," said Mr. Jerome in one of his public addresses, "the police force and the politicians are no longer content with levying blackmail upon gamblers. They insist upon appointing all the employees of the establishment, except the doorkeeper who is a confidential employee and not subject to civil service rules; and further they insist on nominating a partner in the business who takes from twenty to thirty per cent. Vice is growing almost unprofitable in this community; it is in need of a protective tariff."

In short a system of licensing has been devised not by the law but by its administrators. The choice of examples cannot be made haphazard and it is made on a system convenient to those who select. Publicans and the rest have immunity if they provide Tammany with funds for its political purposes—on which funds a handsome percentage is levied by the collectors of this illicit tax. The fact to note is that neither Mr. Hodder nor Mr. Jerome regards this as an evil arising out of the presence in New York of Irishmen and Germans; they both admit that if the thing was not done by Tammany which is Democrat it would be done by some similar body among the Republicans. The reason why the power of New York actually rests with Tammany, that is, in the main, with the Irish, appears to be that this illegal organisation is in reality a clan, and the Irish have a genius for clannishness. Mr. Hodder is almost disposed to testify on behalf of Tammany.

It has accomplished quietly and effectively for its own innumerable members what has been too often fussily and ineffectually attempted for the community at large. It has supplied in time of need material aid without the intervention of a Charity Organisation and legal aid without the intervention of a Legal Aid Society.

And if we hear more of Tammany than of other agencies for corruption, that is not because its representatives are more corrupt but because they are less plausible. The conscience of New York was shocked not by the actions of Mr. William Devery but by his obiter dicta—by his contemptuous flouting of principles which no one expected him to observe.

Mr. Devery more than any other man seems to have rendered possible the campaign in which Judge Jerome

played so prominent a part. He was Chief of Police in New York and held court weekly on Tuesdays, to the delight and scandal of the city. One of his police was brought before him charged with reckless use of his revolver. "Did you hit your man? No! Fined thirty days' pay for not hittin' him." At last a Committee of Fifteen was appointed unofficially to enquire into the conditions of Mr. Devery's rule, and it was in pursuing these investigations that Judge Jerome first grew notorious or notable. He issued the search warrants on demand, but, instead of handing them to the police to serve, he went in person. The ordinary channels for issuing warning thus being closed, he frequently came upon gambling saloons in full swing, and when he did, he constituted a court there and then. No one was spared, and at last one high public official was obliged to explain in the newspaper that he had only visited the place "to search for his wayward son." In another case a disorderly house was raided, in consequence of frequent and unavailing prayers from the neighbourhood to the police for its suppression. When the raid took place, the police captain was discovered in one of the rooms. Yet, let it be noted, the grand jury refused to indict this credit to the force. Another police officer, who had deserted his wife, was sentenced by Mr. Jerome to three months' detention for failure to support his three children, whom he had allowed to be supported in a charitable institution for four years—during all which time he was in the police-force. On his release he had to appear before Mr. Devery and explain his absence. He simply pleaded that he had been sentenced by Judge Jerome; Mr. Devery at once dismissed the complaint, and gave orders that he should receive his pay for the

three months he had spent in the penitentiary.

It was to combat this kind of thing that the Fusion Ticket was started at the elections of 1901, by which is meant a league of the whole Republican party with all those who stood for decency. Party questions were expressly set aside; the Fusionists made decency their one cry. Mr. Jerome was adopted by the party as candidate for the post of District Attorney, forced on the Republican party by the "Citizens' Union"—the organisation which had set on foot the raids in whose course he had grown so conspicuous. Respectable politicians distrusted him, for there had been a great lack of formality in all his proceedings; he had helped to "rush" barred doors, he had presided in courts constituted as has been described, seated on a gaming table; people had begun to call him "Carrie Nation Jerome," as if he were no less wild a crusader than the temperance lady who set out to smash public house windows and furniture with a hatchet. But from the moment that he appeared on the platform it was evident that his candidature was the popular success of the list. People who groaned under the police tyranny, working men in tenement houses who found that prostitutes were free to carry on their business in the next flat to some industrious and clean living family, realised that this man was in earnest, knew the truth and meant to speak it.

It seems that he undoubtedly did so; and it had all the charm of a novelty. The first danger which threatened his candidature was the proposed advent of fashionable lady helpers from the "brownstone district," or, as we should say, from the west end. Mr. Jerome went up to meet an audience of them and told them "in the name of God to keep

above Fourteenth Street!" The women of the labouring quarter had, he told them, "forgotten more politics than they of his audience would ever learn." They knew nothing; it was too late to learn; there were just two things they could do. First, they could raise money. Secondly, they could "clean their own homes," and see that their own men-kind voted as good citizens should do. It must have been a stimulating occasion, and one would have liked to hear the speech and observe the audience. Meekness is no trait of the American woman.

However, Mr. Jerome did not leave it at that. Instead of letting the rich go and preach duty to the poor, he continued on his part to preach duty to the rich, and especially to rich women, the chief body-guard and buttress of what Mr. Hodder aptly calls "the administrative lie." He explained to them that although laws totally prohibiting prostitution were passed mainly to please them and persons like them, the evil was inevitable and could not be stamped out; that, if openly recognised and admitted as inevitable, the evil could be dealt with "scientifically and coldly," whereas, at present "there is not a man," he said, "can rise on the floor of the Legislature to advocate laws dealing with this problem in sane and sober fashion, without knowing that he will meet political death as he finishes his speech." While this was so, no hope could be entertained of changing the law. And yet while the law stood as it did, he told them, there could be no prospect of a real reform. One set of officials who enjoyed arbitrary power could be removed to make place for another, on whom the possession of arbitrary power would have the same result.

Thus it will be seen that the object of his campaign was to rally the forces

of decency; and in so far as it was a propaganda it was addressed to the respectable rich. The respectable poor were with him. They were quite willing to sacrifice the law which made it a crime to keep a disorderly house in order to secure a regulation by which disorder could be dealt with whenever it became a nuisance; by which the prostitute could at least be restrained from following her trade in crowded tenement houses. It was the respectable rich who needed to be convinced that fine sounding laws meant the immolation of reality on the altar of good appearance; and that the very men who reaped enormous profits out of licensed breaches of the law were the readiest to assist in passing new laws of a still more Draconian aspect, in order to enlarge the field of plunder.

Mr. Jerome did not deal much in the abstract. His principle was simple. Laws which never could be enforced while human nature remained imperfect must be repealed, and replaced by laws admitting of rigorous enforcement, for the execution of which the police could be held strictly answerable. The advantage of such a change he impressed by a hundred instances of things as they were. All are significant but one or two may be quoted. An inspector was appointed in one of the great departments, and the company which supplied the department was allied to Tammany. The inspector passed over a number of extortionate charges, and at last arrived at an item of five dollars for two pounds of sponges. He asked for the sponges; they were produced, put on the scales and weighed four ounces. Next day the company's agent called to enquire if the account was passed. "No," said the inspector, "you must make the sponges right." "The sponges are all

right." "No," said the doctor, "there are no two pounds of sponges here; we put them on the balance and they weighed only four ounces." "Hell," said the inspector, "*did you weigh them dry?*"

Even prettier, perhaps, is the tale of an illustration which Mr. Jerome used to explain the working of corruption in municipal affairs. The case which he imagined was that of a scarcity of lemons in the New York market, which a merchant foresaw. The merchant cabled to his agent on the Mediterranean: "Ship so many thousand lemons by first steamer." When the scarcity grew evident, other shipments followed, but the far-seeing man was first and stood to make a handsome profit. His customs dues were paid, and he was ready to go off triumphant, when an inspector of the Board of Health arrived, and declared that the lemons must be handpicked. This meant the loss of several days, and consequently of the market: the buyer said, "What is it worth?" "Well, two hundred and fifty will do this time," was the inspector's answer, and the blackmail was paid. This was Judge Jerome's hypothetical case, but in the newspapers it was carelessly reported as historic. Next day the judge was visited by an official, who lingered, beat about the bush and finally said he came from the Health department. "Say, Judge, who put you next about these lemons?" The hypothetical case had occurred! For many similar details the reader must be referred to Mr. Hodder's pages. Particularly sympathetic is the institution of picnics organised by leading officials in the police, for which costermongers take tickets at five dollars a head, and so secure by the only safe means a renewal of their licences.

But, after all, if Judge Jerome be right, the petty corruption of the

police and other minor officials, burdensome and unjust though it be to the defenceless, is at worst only a symptom of the deeper-seated evil—the true curse of the United States. The strongest of all powers there is the money-power—"the respectable and criminal rich," to quote one of Judge Jerome's unsparing phrases. If Tammany and the analogues of Tammany exist in any large American city, that is chiefly because the great chiefs of the money-power desire to have venal persons in the places of public trust.

When it began to be clear that the Fusionists would not only win, but if they won might actually reform administration, a new factor made itself felt in the struggle. The head of the Metropolitan street railway, which appears to be one of the greatest corporations in America, departed from his usual attitude of neutrality and declared for Tammany. Mr. Jerome instantly attacked him with the gloves off. The Metropolitan street railway had acquired, he said, virtually as a gift almost every public franchise belonging to the city of New York. It had got without paying for them—except in the form of bribery—privileges whose sale should have eased the burden of the taxpayers. And the money so acquired was used not in the public interest but against it; to debauch boards of aldermen, Legislature, the Supreme Court itself. That was the final issue put nakedly and clearly; and the more audaciously it was put—for Mr. Jerome, though allied with the Republicans, did not hesitate to accuse publicly the chief Republican manager, Senator Platt, of intriguing with the head of the railway—the stronger grew the support. It was primarily a fight for the poor against the rich; a fight against the money power; and so far as the ballot showed, the men who stood for equal

justice won it. The Fusionists were successful; Judge Jerome came in by an overwhelming majority.

They won; and yet in point of fact if their object was Judge Jerome's object—the abolition of the "administrative lie"—it does not seem that matters are much mended. The obvious first line of attack—a reform of the absurd law which prohibits totally the sale of liquor on Sundays—has been abandoned. It is still to receive liberal enforcement; in other words, the publicans are still to pay blackmail to the police for winking, and those who do not pay it are to be made examples of. The law is still that a publican who calls his house a hotel and attaches bedrooms to his premises shall enjoy exceptional facilities; and the result of that law is apparently the same as it was before. Efficiency of administration is still a secondary consideration; the parade of municipal virtue on the statute books comes first. If these things are so, what likelihood is there of any fight with the deeper-seated, stronger, less obvious evil of corruption—with the men who do not take bribes but give them?

The moral which it is worth drawing, for the benefit of the less progressive branch of the Anglo-Saxon

race, seems to be this. Efficiency and enterprise are undoubtedly good things; but if the vast commercial successes of America are inextricably bound up with municipal and political corruption—if a full development of the business faculty means an exceptionally clear perception of the means by which bribery can be made efficacious—then we may perhaps be content with an inferior degree of this development. *Qui festinal ad divitias.* We are accustomed to be told that American political life is corrupt because the ablest men devote themselves to business and neglect politics; but here is the view that corruption is the result of these able men's activity and not of their neglect. Above all there is this to be noted. If the great American speculators continue to embark in English enterprises, traffic exploitation and the like, it will behove this community to watch very carefully lest they import not only their capital and their energy, but also their familiar methods. Not even for the joys of an overhead railway down Piccadilly or the Strand, would we welcome the presence in London of such a power as appears to be wielded by the directors of these concerns in New York.

## THE SAINT OF BAALBEC.

THE caravan to Palmyra had reached the province of Syria, the watch was relaxed, and at night the guards proposed to enjoy the rare luxury of sleep. They did not however inform the merchants of their intentions, foreseeing that such a course would entail much useless argument, and possibly loss of pay. If the worthy traders were willing to hire their services when on friendly soil, and to reward them for unnecessary vigil, it appeared only considerate to humour such timorous employers, so that all might enjoy a well earned and undisturbed repose.

So reasoned the captain of the escort. He was a conscientious man, and did not himself turn in to rest till satisfied that no one was awake to reproach him. However he had reckoned too carelessly. True, his convoy had escaped the Bedouin brigands unmolested, and was now well within the confines of civilisation. But civilisation, as he had himself remarked, being somewhat of a philosopher, only suppressed the robber to supply in exchange the thief. In accordance with his own precept he should have redoubled his vigilance, since, as a philosopher, he would have known that fraud is harder to combat than force. But in his capacity of hired servant he was naturally oblivious of all interests but his own. He slept the sleep of the consistent, and no one therefore perceived two men who, approaching from opposite sides of the camp, crept stealthily among the tents.

The marauders lost no time in setting to work. Instinct directed

them to the place where the richest merchandise was stored, and thither each proceeded, in ignorance that he had a partner in his illicit venture. Thus it was that they encountered in the middle of the camp, to their mutual discomfiture, for each supposed the other to be a sentinel. In this belief each flung himself at the throat of his supposed opponent, and falling on the sand they struggled fiercely but silently for a few moments. It is probable that owing to this mischance they might have vindicated the advantages of honesty without outside interference, but Fate, doubtless considering that a merchant was little better than his despoiler, intervened on behalf of the latter. They rolled together into a patch of moonlight, which illuminated the face of the undermost.

"Philocles, is it thou?" said the upper combatant, letting go his hold.

"Philemon my brother," exclaimed the other. His tone would have been affectionate, had not the late tussle caused a slight shortness of breath.

They sprang up, looking quickly about. No one had as yet been aroused. So, postponing explanations which could wait, they set about the task they had come to perform, which could not. But fortune did not favour them. They found little of value that was sufficiently portable to be of use. Contenting themselves therefore with a skin of wine, some provisions and a few pieces of jewellery, a set of bracelets and a necklace of pearls, they departed as speedily as possible, this time taking a common direction. They would have extended their

depredations had not they heard the captain of the escort stirring in his tent. That functionary did indeed presently emerge, and he discovered traces of the late visitors. A varied assortment of rags indicated the scene of the scuffle. The captain showed his usual resource in cases of difficulty. The merchandise was not disturbed enough to cause inquiry; a few handfuls of sand buried the proofs of the intrusion, and he retired again with the assurance that he had done his duty in saving his men from a toilsome and profitless pursuit. Next day one merchant complained privately of the loss of some jewels, but was unable to make too much of a disturbance, for his wife was with him, and the trinkets had not been destined for her. The tactful captain assured him that he would not breathe a word to anyone, and the caravan departed in due course for Palmyra.

Meanwhile Philemon had led his brother to an unpretentious but comfortable cave where they breakfasted together. They surveyed each other somewhat ruefully. Unshaven and dust-begrimed, with tattered garments and without either sandals or head-gear, they looked as miserable a couple of scoundrels as any honest citizen could wish to see—at a safe distance. The melancholy effect was heightened by their extraordinary personal resemblance. It was easy to pronounce them twins; in their native town only an unthinking stranger could be induced to wager odds that he would distinguish them at sight. The task would have been easier at present, for, in token of their late encounter, Philocles had two black eyes, while Philemon had only one.

After disposing of the viands they began to discuss their sad plight, Philemon taking the lead. "Since after two years fate has brought us together again we may as well keep

company for the time being. It is a pity we parted."

"Well," said Philocles, "we had to. I could not live in the village after that little episode of thine with the daughter of Macarius. Why, everybody always cut me so as to be on the safe side."

"Was it my fault?" said Philemon dubiously. "I had forgotten. Of course I had to put it to thy account after thy departure," he added by way of apology for his bad memory.

"Thou wast my ruin again," continued Philocles mournfully. "I had become the steward of a rich noble, and was for three years enabled to take twenty-five per cent. from the estate, without anyone suspecting. Suddenly an irate merchant turned up, a Jew with a squint . . . ."

"Ah! my old master Simon," cried Philemon, "I was his manager for many months."

"He wished to arrest me," pursued Philocles without comment, "on a charge of embezzlement. I proved an alibi and got witnesses to swear to my having a twin! Canst thou divine then what my employer did?"

Philemon shook his head mournfully as if to suggest that the iniquities of employers baffled even his powers of imagination. Philocles sank his voice to a whisper. "He actually instituted a secret enquiry into my accounts on the supposition that one twin would probably turn out like another—and I only discovered it just in time to escape, nor was I able to take anything of my little perquisites with me."

Philemon extended a sympathetic hand; his twin clasped it with a sigh. No reproaches passed their lips, not even an aphorism on mankind. After a moment's silence Philemon returned to the point. "This then is the end; at twenty-nine we find ourselves pilfering gewgaws from a stray caravan."

"Who now appreciates merit?" exclaimed Philocles.

"If we had been born a century ago, we should have been an oracle," said Philemon, "had it not been for Christianity. To disguise and go around in turn collecting information, and in turn to deliver the same afterwards in one's inspired character—that would have been a life worth living. We have always had twins in our family, and for the purposes of a priest of Apollo that was certainly expedient. But now there are no priests of Apollo I fail to see why our parents should have so considerably continued the custom."

"Still," replied the other, "I think our likeness could be turned to account. Surely in these days of degrading superstition there is some part that we could conjointly fill with profit to ourselves if not with advantage to the world at large, as in the case of our forefathers."

"Christianity has no oracles," said Philemon meditatively, "but why not be a saint."

"A saint?" repeated Philocles in a dubious tone.

"My dear brother, who enjoys such reputation in these parts as a saint? Money is offered them, women adore them. One has only to abstain from soap and water, to eat ostentatiously of unappetising viands, to mumble unintelligible nonsense over a selection of beads, and your reputation as a holy man spreads from Antioch to Pelusium."

"If I could be a saint without these disagreeables . . ." began Philocles.

Philemon anathematised his twin's obtuseness. "I did not say thou and I were to be saints, I said we might be a saint, a saint in the singular number. As it chances we have to hand an opportunity. At Baalbec the chief local attraction for the

past year was a filthy anchorite who stood on a pillar some way outside the city. He never stepped down from his column and was never heard to utter a word. But this eccentric notion, to live on the top of a pillar, was enough to found his fame. Eventually however he vacated this pedestal of virtue and gracefully descended to marry the richest widow of the vicinity."

"Art thou proposing that I should occupy his pillar?" Philocles asked in some alarm.

"We could occupy it—by turns. The late saint was a silent one; I should like to introduce a new departure. We might do as our fathers did in the case of the oracle. One day thou shouldst stand on the pillar as saint while I, in a different guise, as a camel-driver perhaps, would learn all I could about the people who were to visit it next day. Then in the night we would exchange places. As saint I would respond for my store of information. Thou turning camel-driver shouldst in turn seek out such facts as might be useful when thou next becamest the saint. We should thus support two characters, both humdrum enough, but the daily change would avoid monotony. A small miracle to begin with and then—" Philemon was rising to enthusiasm, but catching his brother's puzzled expression he changed his tone. "To what end, thou wouldst say? Alms, man, the alms they will bring. The more famous a saint the more offerings. Those we should share between us and perhaps in due course we might encompass a widow a-piece, if we managed it cleverly."

"Is it really needful to mount on a pillar?" protested Philocles.

"I allow," replied Philemon, "that the ancestral tripod would have been more respectable not to say more comfortable. There is something ex-

tremely repugnant to my feelings in this new superstition ; everything is so public, and its priests actually keep up a pretence of believing in it even before each other ! but we cannot afford to be fastidious." Philocles sighed his assent.

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Shortly after the conversation above recorded the citizens of Baalbec were rejoiced to hear that the column near their walls had been occupied by a holy man of venerable appearance and more than usually fantastic attire. His long hair and flowing beard were sufficient guarantees of sanctity ; furthermore he seldom, if ever, was seen to eat, and it was rumoured that he possessed in no slight measure the gift of prophecy. In one case a Hebrew trader named Simon had repaired thither out of curiosity, and was thus spontaneously addressed. "Oh man with a squint within two days thou shalt suffer at the hands of one whom thou hast wronged," and on the very next night Simon had been set upon by two men who flogged him soundly. One assailant was masked ; in the other he thought he recognised an old manager of his whom he had dismissed a year previously. It was also reported that a certain rich landed proprietor had been warned to dispose of his harvest ere it was too late, and, neglecting the caution as he wished to obtain a better price, discovered one night that his barns were on fire. Even more wonderful was the case of a young camel-driver who had appeared in the city about the same time as the saint. He had lost a valuable knife, and consulted the holy man, leaving a piece of gold by the pillar as alms. Certain directions were given in appropriate phrase, and on these the young camel-driver

acted. He went accompanied by some of the citizens, who wagered on the event. To the confusion of the scoffers the weapon was discovered at the exact spot indicated.

It would be tedious to enumerate the other miraculous prophecies of the saint of Baalbec, Hieronymus Columne as he loved to be styled. Suffice it to say that his renown eclipsed that of his predecessor ; indeed even the camel-driver aforesaid, a good looking fellow of some twenty-nine years named Stephen, attained much reflected merit owing to the fortunate loss of his dagger. The weapon itself he sold for a large sum to a widow of some wealth named Anna, who had a taste for such curios. People from far and near flocked to see Jerome of the Pillar, who however never encouraged visitors by night ; which, he asserted, he desired to spend in meditation and prayer, undisturbed by the visits of the vulgar.

His adorers were still persistent till the saint complained to the Governor, threatening to retire to the neighbouring town of Emissa should his devotions be again interrupted. This caused so much alarm to the innkeepers of Baalbec, who were offering special accommodation for pilgrims, that they backed the saint's protest vigorously. The Governor commended them for such profitable piety and made the required edict, that no one should approach the pillar by night. One exception was made (by special desire of Hieronymus himself) in favour of the camel-driver Stephen, who brought the prophet every evening his modest meal of lentils and water. Certain people who had vainly attempted to induce the holy man to expound to them his doctrinal views as to the comparative demerits of Arians, Valentinians, Sabellians, Nestorians, Jacobites,

Pelagians, and other sects, attempted but without success to spread rumours that Jerome of the Pillar was a hypocrite who spent his nights in luxury and ease; they also impertinently enquired as to the use he made of the offerings of gold and silver continually put at his feet by the faithful. But the majority paid no heed to these insinuations and week after week passed to find the saint ever rising in the good opinion of the citizens. His marvellous oracles threatened to become the sole topic of conversation throughout the whole country-side.

Fairly started by now in the double performance of their double profession, Philemon and Philocles could consider most of their difficulties overcome. They worked together harmoniously. The only approach to a dispute had concerned the miraculously recovered knife. Philocles desired to make and sell several replicas, but Philemon had taken a firm line, and, despite ecclesiastical precedent, had declined to duplicate the relic. He maintained it to be a matter of business honesty, and without such risky expedients their profits from free gifts were already large. They might soon hope to realise a modest competence and retire with unimpaired credit.

But one contingency had been forgotten—the possible intrusion of the feminine element. It so happened that Philocles in his character of Stephen the camel-driver encountered one day the daughter of an innkeeper, who lived in the Street of Palms. He soon made the acquaintance of Miraim, the girl, an acquaintance which ripened into something they called friendship. It may be observed that Philocles was no longer the unkempt ruffian of the caravan adventure, while Miraim was undeniably pretty and affectionate by dis-

position. Her father however had high ideas for her marriage, and aimed at nothing less than a baker. As a camel-driver Philocles would have been scorned, and a saint is an unusual suitor. There was also Philemon. So the anomalous condition of friendship had to be officially maintained. It bordered however on the clandestine, and needless to say lost none of its charm thereby in the girl's eyes.

Philemon, as Stephen, patronised a different inn. Philocles therefore could practise reticence with impunity, and contented himself with a visit every other day. But his thoughts of Miraim were not so easily satisfied, which had a prejudicial effect on his oracular discourses; especially as he now spent less of his time in finding out details and scandals concerning the visitors, and generally neglected the detective business which is so important a branch of the art of prophecy.

About the same time the widow Anna, who had purchased the famous dagger from Philemon in his character of Stephen, began to manifest daily an increasing desire to live in the odour of sanctity or as near as possible to it. She was ever the first to approach the pillar; and, seated by the base, she would listen with rapt attention to the least word that escaped the exalted occupant. On the rare occasions when no one else was by, she would murmur of her lonely condition. The saint, if he was Philemon, lent a sympathetic ear. At last, one morning she ventured to inquire if it was the will of Heaven that she should enter for the second time the bonds of holy matrimony. It happened that Philocles was playing the part of Jerome when she summoned up courage to put the question. An idea occurred to him, though he had previously

been inattentive. He replied without the least hesitation that she was destined to be shortly united to a person of distinguished sanctity, whose name however was not revealed to him. (It is a rule of the profession that no prophet prophesies concerning himself; for thus he may avoid becoming the living advertisement of his own miscalculations.) The answer of Jerome was more explicit than the widow had dared to hope. She retired well satisfied, and Philocles forgot, in thinking of Miraim, both her and his happy inspiration.

Philemon appeared that night at the usual hour, ready to relieve his brother. He had many subjects for discussion and more for reproach. There was a feeling about, he averred, that the saint was no longer so trustworthy as of old. This decline in their credit he attributed to Philocles who had violated the very principles of the trade by pronouncing his responses without any of the vagueness of wording so dear to the vulgar mind. Philemon was justly critical, and impressed on his twin that he must in future be somewhat less precise. Some questions he had even answered with plain "ay" or "no." Had Philocles forgotten the old adage concerning the magnificence of the unknown? "Philosophy," Philemon went on, "was called divine in pagan days, for none could understand it. Should not a prophet therefore endeavour to excel in ambiguity a mere philosopher?"

The appeal did not rouse Philocles. His brother considered him critically. He suspected the cause for such apathy to be feminine. "Who is she?" he asked suddenly. There was no reply. Darkness veiled the answer afforded by Philocles's change of colour. Philemon then stated that he himself had found the

means of retrieving their position. He had been fortunate enough to encounter a messenger who was riding to announce the news that the King of Persia, Chosroes Anushirwan, had declared war on the Emperor and was preparing to invade Syria. The courier Philemon had drugged; the news he was going to deliver in his character of Hieronymus Columnae so soon as a fairly large crowd had assembled round him next morning. It is to be feared that Philocles paid but small attention to the excellent advice of his brother. He exhibited too but little enthusiasm at this happy chance of making a prophecy at once sensational and accurate. Exchanging garments quickly he hurried off to the city, nor did he so much as mention the affair of the widow.

Early next morning Philemon delivered himself of an oracular masterpiece. The records thereof have been destroyed, perhaps fortunately. It is known however that he discoursed for full two hours concerning the ambitions of potentates, the horrors of war and similar matters of universal interest before he thought fit to arrive at the particular application. The belated messenger awoke with a bad headache about noon. He appeared in time to confirm the prophecy; he departed to spread with his tidings the reputation of Jerome.

When the brothers met again Philocles was once more taken to task. "There was that widow Anna here to-day, she plagued me by allusions to something thou hast said to her. These details must not be forgotten. I staved off her curiosity for the time, but thou shouldst have given me the clue. What was it?"

"Merely that she wants to marry us, or rather Jerome of the Pillar,"

replied Philocles, donning the wig and robes. "I hinted that it was possible."

"Merely that she wants to marry us!" said Philemon. "Merely! By our column! What induced thee not to tell it? However if thou desirest her for thyself, take her with my blessing. She has a fortune of some ten thousand pieces of gold—it is thine. We have amassed about twelve thousand; that shall be my share."

"But that is hardly a just division," began Philocles.

"And why not? Surely if thy passion for her has prevented thee from even prophesying successfully, thou wilt not complain at having a little the less in money when thou obtainest as well so excellent a wife. She is perchance mature, and I should have thought thou wouldest have preferred something of more slender build, judging by my own tastes. Nevertheless I will not stand between thee and thy happiness. My half share in her is thine."

Philocles remembered Miraim. He turned the conversation by asking when Philemon intended them to leave Baalbec, and to give up playing this double life for good and all.

"I perceive thou art longing to settle down as a respectable married man," said his brother ironically. "I have marked thy preoccupation, and I suspected a woman. That it should be Anna!" He laughed shortly, but continued in his business manner. "However the Persians are likely to be here in a few weeks. They are not over partial to saints, whom they prefer flayed and stuffed. We had best retire with honour while we can. In two days' time, thou knowest, there is the festival of St. Anonymus. That should bring a fair sum in the way of offerings. After, we depart. So for the present

I wish thee joy of the pillar. I have an appointment in the Street of Palms. We can discuss our shares in the widow to-morrow night." So saying he hurried away.

Philocles was left to unpleasing reverie. His brother meant him to espouse Anna, he meant to wed the pretty Miraim. Also she lived in the Street of Palms, where Philemon was going that night; the two might meet. It was a disconcerting idea, for he would have to explain his silence to his brother, and a deferred explanation is seldom convincing. He had already resolved on escape from all explanation provided the encounter he feared did not occur. As day drew on he had matured his plan of action. He was to meet Miraim by the pool outside the walls that very evening, so soon as he should vacate the pillar. It was an old trysting place of theirs, and she would not fail. He determined that he would dig up the saint's hoard and elope with her in the night. Philemon would spend the next day as Hieronymus Columnae and could not pursue till too late. He would then marry the widow Anna. Ever since her consulting Jerome about a second marriage Philocles had dallied with the idea of this arrangement. It would provide for all parties, including his brother.

But, alas, the twins had not always led so blameless an existence as their present career of sanctity. While Philocles as Jerome of the Pillar was unselfishly devoting Anna to his brother, Philemon had to his supreme disgust encountered his old master, the Jew Simon, on whom he had taken vengeance in the early days of his career at Baalbec. They met face to face in the city gate; Simon's nearer eye appeared to be contemplating a paper of accounts. Philemon slipped by, thinking himself

undetected. He bore no malice, but was not so sure about the Jew. But Simon had seen and suspected the seeming camel-driver. His squint had deceived Philemon. The Jew followed cautiously in the shadow. If he could hear Stephen speak doubt would be certainty.

Yet another encounter was in store for Philemon. Miraim met him, and as no one was by, she affectionately addressed him as her "dearest Stephen." This time Philemon was not surprised. He had been looking out for the cause of his brother's aberrations. This was evidently the she. He embraced her promptly. It appeared that she expected as much, which sufficiently indicated how far Philocles had progressed in friendship. Simon approached. He slipped behind an adjacent palm and listened. Philemon speedily discovered that there was a rendezvous for the next night at the pool a mile from the pillar; it had been arranged for an hour after the time at which he usually relieved Philocles from his day duty as Jerome. Simon heard the appointment with interest. Philemon took the liberty of making the time an hour earlier. Miraim promised to be punctual; then after a parting salute they went their several ways. The girl had not thought to see her lover that evening, and returned happily home. Philemon went on his rounds in a glow of righteous indignation. His twin's duplicity pained him. He must mark his disapproval severely. Yet, he reflected, Philocles had his uses. The labour and anxieties of courtship had been the deceivers; the deceit itself suggested its fitting punishment. Philemon smiled thereat. He forgot Simon the Jew, who also was meditating on the fitness of things.

During the morning and afternoon that followed Philocles delivered

numberless prophecies of the most startling nature. He timed their fulfilment within twenty-four hours in the more effective cases, as he thought that his brother would like to have his last day as a saint fully employed. By the evening there was only one admirer left, the widow Anna. To her he prophesied that she would be married within a week. With a rapt expression he threw out various utterances, seemingly at random, concerning the husband she would obtain, drawing thereby a lifelike portrait of Jerome of the Pillar; at least so she imagined. Inspiration or ingenuity at last failing he dismissed her with a promise that the name should be disclosed on the morrow. Alone at last he waited impatiently for Philemon.

But Philemon did not come. Philocles had calculated on spending some little time on his usual discussion with his brother. However the margin he had given himself was rapidly vanishing. The hour, the moment when he should meet Miraim drew nigh. Philocles stamped angrily on the column. The moon rising behind revealed him to the sentry at a postern, who was, contrary to the regulations, letting a girl pass out. The soldier crossed himself, piously concluding that the Pride of Baalbec was having a combat with the Devil.

The moon rose higher. Still there was no sign of Philemon. Seldom have any of the saints been subjected to such a temptation. St. Antony, it is recorded, found it hard to resist the pertinacity of young women with whom he was not previously acquainted. Had that notorious ascetic been left dinnerless on a pillar, knowing that a mile away his lady-love was eagerly expecting him, it is open to doubt whether he would not have acted in the same way as the present Jerome. Philocles could

endure no longer. He descended from his lofty position, leaving behind the wig, beard and tattered cloak, which constituted the most indispensable parts of the outfit of Hieronymus. In a condition between saint and sinner Miraim's lover hurried towards the place appointed, trusting that the darkness of the night would conceal the deficiencies of his attire.

Philemon meantime had been also anxiously awaiting the girl's arrival at the pool. Not knowing her so well as his brother he had failed to make allowances for unpunctuality. As it grew late he too became afraid that Philocles might do something rash when he found himself deserted. But he considered that his brother would certainly go first to the cave where they buried their treasure. This Philemon had himself removed that day, or rather eleven thousand pieces of the twelve. Anna's fortune was ten thousand. He had thus acted with a scrupulous fairness that Philocles would take some time to appreciate. Ere the point of the thousand only being left had dawned on his deceptive twin, the girl would surely come. But he calculated without considering the vagaries of a lover. Philocles had descended from his column and was fast approaching the pool.

Miraim did indeed arrive first. She imagined herself to have eluded all observers except the sentry at the postern whom Philocles, as Stephen, was wont to bribe. Here she was mistaken; she had an escort. No less than five men were silently following her footsteps! Simon the Jew merchant had heard enough to satisfy himself that Stephen the camel-driver was his old manager, and that it would only be necessary to watch where the girl went next evening to find him. He could have had Philemon arrested before, but he thought

of his unmerited chastisement. He would enjoy his revenge to the full. To drag the pretended Stephen from the arms of his beloved to the city gaol promised well for a beginning. With this intent he approached the Governor, who owed him a considerable sum. The arrest was irregular and risky, but it was the whim of a creditor. The Governor had proved sympathetic. Hence it was that four of the police tracked Miraim, Simon himself making a fifth.

Philemon had hardly performed the usual duties of a lover in the way of a greeting when he was startled to find himself suddenly pulled backwards by a half-clad ruffian who abused him as a traitor. At Philocles's voice Miraim started. Philemon released her and advanced threateningly on his brother. On their part recognition was mutual, but the discussion was none the less heated. Ere they had actually come to blows the cause thought it best to make a diversion. She fainted. Philemon and Philocles, dropping their private differences, turned to assist her. They were carrying her to the neighbouring pool when Simon and his party arrived on the scene of action. The Jew and the four officers of police had seen all that passed. The incident seemed to require explanation. To obtain that it was only necessary to arrest all parties concerned. Surprised when in the act of kneeling beside the still unconscious Miraim the twins were easily secured, gagged and bound. Philemon was identified by his garb. Philocles no one heeded; his scanty attire was enough to argue guilt. The girl was without the city at night, in itself a breach of law. All were therefore removed to the Baalbec prison.

In the morning the Governor had Philemon brought before him to

answer the charge of his old employer the Jew merchant. The opening inquiry was to be private and informal ; it should only have occupied a few minutes. But the defence turned out to be decidedly original. Philemon asserted that the other captive of last night was the Jew's defaulting steward. He confessed to being the culprit's brother, and said his name was Philocles. As the landlord whom the real Philocles had defrauded was away on a long journey Philemon felt he could exchange names with confidence. He went on to state that he did indeed arrange the appointment with Miraim, whom his brother, a confirmed vagabond, had attempted to rob.

Miraim who was now called in, easily identified Philemon as the camel-driver Stephen, which name Philemon said he had adopted owing to the bad repute of his twin, whom he wished to disown. The Governor, becoming confused, ordered in the maligned Philocles. It was at once seen that Simon with all the ill-will in the world could not decide which of the two he should prosecute for defalcation. Philemon seeing their perplexity urged that both should be released, saying that they had a cousin also called Philemon who greatly resembled them and that Simon had probably encountered this third person rather than himself or his brother.

He might have even succeeded in completely mystifying the Governor and the Jew had not Philocles, burning with all the righteous indignation of a man who finds himself anticipated in meanness by his intended victim, promptly asseverated that he was himself, to wit the innocent Philocles, and his brother the guilty Philemon. He added that it was himself who had taken on the

character of Stephen the camel-driver ; the reasons he gave being the same as Philemon's. What was more to the purpose he recalled several incidents in his courtship with Miraim that went far to prove his statements.

The Governor after an hour or so of ingenious lying by Philemon, heated refutation by Philocles, contradictory convictions by Miraim and by Simon, exclaimed, coming nearer to the truth than he suspected : "It would seem that both these men have been Stephen the camel-driver, perhaps both were thy manager."

At this moment there arose a great uproar in the city. A deputation of innkeepers and relicmongers demanded to see the Governor. The saint had disappeared. The widow Anna, going early to the pillar had discovered certain relics, which had led her to think the holy man had been abducted. She ran back sobbing to spread the news. The Governor ordered the widow to be brought before him. After which he addressed the deputation promising to set the police on the track of the city's idol.

The Governor had been glad of an interruption. When adjured by Simon to proceed with the case in hand, he refused, till he should have spoken with the widow Anna, who had information to bring to him concerning a matter of much greater importance. He was ordering the removal of the twins to separate dungeons when Anna entered the audience-chamber. She had come to the Palace at the heels of the deputation, and thus anticipated the summons. Flinging herself at the Governor's feet, she produced a bundle, which when opened, proved to contain the well known cloak of Hieronymus Columnae, and two still more personal items, his wig and beard. To her tale the Governor paid little attention. But he examined with

sarcastic interest these evidences of the saint's real character. He looked at the scantily clad Philocles, and the connection dawned on him. Within a crowd had gathered and howled for their beloved Jerome.

Philemon scenting discovery declared the truth. He explained how Philocles and himself had played the parts of Jerome and Stephen alternately, suggesting that unless Baalbec and its authorities were to become the laughing stock of the whole Empire it would be best to hush the matter up. He promised that he would compensate Simon if the latter desired an amicable settlement. But he still claimed to be innocent of his misdeeds as manager, denying that he had ever seen the Jew before. Herein he lapsed from accuracy; he had been long a prophet. The Governor went on to his balcony, assured the people who were still ignorant of the imposture, that the saint had withdrawn awhile to meditate and pray in seclusion, and that he would soon return to his disconsolate flock. Coming back to the disputants he declared himself amenable to Philemon's suggestion.

But new difficulties now arose. Anna, by no means unwilling to accept a young husband instead of an aged anchorite, as the price of silence insisted on marrying one of the twins. Miraim also demanded her lover, though when pressed to make her choice she found selection difficult. Both twins were politely unanimous as concerning Miraim, both resolute on the subject of Anna. Simon clamoured for justice, refusing any idea of compromise, but was not able to settle on a victim. Finally the perplexed Governor locked up the whole five in separate cells. It was an arbitrary act, but he hoped for preferment, and remembered Philemon's caution against an exposure.

The more the Governor reflected over the problem the further he got from a solution. It even came as a relief to him that within a few days Baalbec was summoned to surrender by the Sovereign of Persia, whose army was now over-running Syria. The Governor knew that Chosroes had lately assumed for himself the title of *Just*. This seemed to suggest a way out of the difficulty. When conducting the negotiations for the surrender, the Governor promised to hand over the town at once if the King would undertake to arrange equitably a certain disputed case. Chosroes, much flattered, rashly consented.

The five prisoners were accordingly conveyed to the Persian camp; in a private audience they explained their several grievances. All of them wished to proceed against the Governor for illegal detention. But after hearing them state their complaints against each other, which occupied some hours, the King exonerated the ruler of Baalbec from all real blame. Anushirwan was wont to say that abstract right is superior to forms of law, and in the present instance he held that the Governor had acted in the defence of his own sanity. Then to the delight of that politic official he excused him from further attendance, till judgement should be finally delivered.

Some days afterwards he sent for the Governor and announced the result of his deliberations. It was observed that the monarch seemed tired and grave, nevertheless he pronounced himself firmly: "It appears that of these two brethren one or both has defrauded Simon the Jew, and that both have appeared to the citizens of Baalbec in the character of Hieronymus Columnae. Thus they are each part saint, and part thief, or if one indeed be no thief yet in

intent he is the imitator of his twin. In such a case if reward were merited it should be the same for both, if punishment, again the same. Furthermore it has been written concerning the good men of your faith that they should not let their right hand know what their left hand doeth. Also the punishment of a thief is to lose his right hand. Therefore We have in Our mercy ordained that the right hands of these twain shall be severed from their wrists. And in this there can be no occasion for cavil, seeing that if one of them claims to be guiltless as a thief he will yet gain by the loss of his right hand, thus becoming more perfect as a saint.

"With regard to the widow and the maid, We have ordained that since both cannot be wed to both, as the promises of these twins implied, neither must marry either. But, since it ill becomes Our dignity to rob women of the chance of husbands, the widow Anna shall presently be made the wife of Simon the Jew as his compensation and her consolation, and the maid Miraim whose innocence has thus been beguiled shall be rewarded by union with Our Integrity and Imperial Majesty, being enrolled as the fifty-first of the number of Consorts that We have taken to Ourselves since Our arrival in this Our newly conquered province of Syria.

"Furthermore We have ordained that silence be imposed on all parties under pain of death, since it is not just to publish overmuch the wiles of

impostors lest the minds of the young be corrupted, and the simplicity of the deceived be turned to ridicule. We have said."

To this sentence all parties professed agreement, saving only the twins. The King entered that city, but he, at no distant date, abandoned his conquests and made peace. The duty of judging the complicated lawsuits arising from the rival ingenuities of the Greeks and Jews that occupied the district lost its charm for the Just King. Possibly he feared to invalidate his title. The Governor, since his town had held out longer than any other, contrived to pose as the devoted leader of a heroic resistance, and was accordingly promoted.

Simon and Anna made a tolerably happy couple; of Miraim nothing more is known. It is said that six months after the date of these events two twins possessed of one hand apiece arrived at Alexandria. They boasted a modest fortune of about six thousand pieces of gold each, and despite sundry rumours based on the loss of their right hands soon made themselves respected by their decorous behaviour and simple way of living. Eventually they married the two daughters of a neighbouring merchant and during the placid autumn of their lives formed one united household, for, as the brothers observed, they had only been unfortunate when divided in interests.

Baalbec is still looking for her saint.